McKean County Miner.

VOLUME XXII. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1885. NUMBER 4.

L. ROGERS, Proprietor

Arrival and Departure of Mails

Mail via B. B. & K. R. R. leaves Smethport [illegible] and arrives at [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Mail via B. N. Y. & P. R. R. [illegible] a. m. and arrives at [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Mail leaves at 12 m. [illegible] Mail arrives every Friday. [illegible] every Saturday at 11 a. m. and departs at 2 p. m. [illegible] Office open every Sunday for delivery of mail [illegible] to [illegible] p. m.

[illegible], P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M. meets the [illegible] and fourth Wednesdays of each month at [illegible] p. m., at Masonic Hall, [illegible].

[illegible], W. M.
G. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 182 meets every Tuesday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall [illegible] Block.

[illegible], M. W.
[illegible] POWELL, Recorder.

G. A. R.

Post [illegible] meets every Thursday evening in the A. O. U. W. Hall [illegible].

[illegible], Com.
A. L. Hughes, Adj.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Saturday evening at [illegible] Hall.

[illegible], N. G.
W. H. [illegible], Sec'y.

Churches.

METHODIST—Wm. [illegible], pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sabbath School immediately after morning service. Class Meeting at [illegible]. Sunday Prayer Meeting on Thursday evenings at [illegible] o'clock. [illegible] Teacher's Meetings [illegible] evenings at 7 o'clock. Choir Meetings on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

BAPTIST—[illegible], pastor. Preaching at half past 10 a. m. and at half past 7 p. m. Sabbath school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 [illegible]. Covenant meetings Saturday [illegible] the first Sunday in every month. Lord's Supper every two months. All are welcome.

EPISCOPAL—[illegible], Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and [illegible] p. m. [illegible] Sunday school at [illegible].

ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH—[illegible], pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 1 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and [illegible].

Borough Officers.

Burgess—J. C. Backus.
[illegible]—Frank [illegible].
Council—[illegible] Armstrong, [illegible], John Brennan, W. D. Gallup, [illegible].
[illegible]—H. L. [illegible].
School Directors—[illegible].
[illegible] Wilson.
Justices—[illegible] Smith, P. Ford.
[illegible]—[illegible] Richmond, [illegible].
[illegible]—[illegible].
Judge of Elections—[illegible].
Inspectors—[illegible] Backus, [illegible] Smith.
[illegible]—[illegible].

Official Directory.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Associate Judges—Henry Hamlin, Smethport; F. M. Fuller, Bradford.
Member of Congress—W. W. Brown, Bradford.
State Senator—[illegible].
Members of Assembly—[illegible].
District Attorney—J. M. [illegible], Smethport.
Sheriff—[illegible] Wilcox, [illegible].
Prothonotary—[illegible].
County Treasurer—[illegible].
County Commissioners—A. T. [illegible], [illegible], Smethport.
Commissioners' Clerk—John C. [illegible].
Jury Commissioners—[illegible] Pattison, [illegible].
Auditors—[illegible] Washburn, [illegible].
Mercantile Appraiser—J. H. Dudley, [illegible].
County Surveyor—[illegible].
County School Superintendent—M. H. Campbell.
Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September and third Monday of December.

State.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—Chauncey F. Black.
Auditor General—John A. Lemon.
State Treasurer—Silas M. Bailey.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—J. Simpson Africa.

BLANK PRINTING.

THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICES, CONSTABLES and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS

REAL ESTATE

ROBT. H. ROSE

Is authorized to receive money for the [illegible], also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally in any business of this kind in McKean County. [illegible].

IN THE GRAND CENTRAL BLOCK.

[illegible] SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.
Williamsport, Dec. [illegible].

Land Office of the Bingham Estate.

Williamsport, Penn'a, Feb'y [illegible].

All persons are hereby cautioned against [illegible] upon the [illegible] lands of this estate [illegible] proper authority therefor. [illegible] and entry upon the land [illegible] will make such persons liable to prosecution [illegible].

Persons who have bought or leased lands of this estate [illegible] with the [illegible] of the lands [illegible] their location. All [illegible].

[illegible] SIMPSON,
Agent of the Trustees.

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDVEINT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his [illegible] shop [illegible] to [illegible] building next to [illegible] store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

in the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

F. C. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Office—Over L. W. Mason's Hardware Store, Main Street.

Preservation of natural teeth a specialty.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

BYRON D. HAMLIN / DELANO R. HAMLIN

HAMLIN & SON,

LAW AND LAND OFFICE

Smethport, Pa.

Attend as Counsel. Practice in all the Courts. Investigate Land Titles. Do [illegible] Deeds, Contracts and Leases with care and dispatch.

Notary Public in their Office.

General Agency of the Keating Lands.

[illegible] / [illegible]

STERRETT & ROSE.

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS.

Office in [illegible] Block,

SMETHPORT PA.

JOHN C. BACKUS / SHERIDAN GORTON

BACKUS & GORTON,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

Office—Sartwell Block Main Street.

E. L. KEENAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE—Grand Central Hotel, Rooms 13 & 12.

SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business attended to promptly.

ORR & KOESTER.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Office in [illegible] Wright Block,

Bradford, Pa.

Thos. A. Morrison / John N. Apple, Notary Public.

MORRISON & APPLE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business promptly attended to. [illegible] land titles [illegible] specialties.

[illegible] / T. D. [illegible]

[illegible] & RICHMOND,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

SMETHPORT, PA.

All Legal business promptly attended to.

W. H. CHAPMAN & SON.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Off [illegible] Exchange

BRADFORD PA

P. FORD,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Office Miner Block, Church Street

Smethport, Pa.

J. K. WALLACE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BRADFORD PA

[illegible] / M. H. [illegible]

McSWEENEY & [illegible]

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

ROOM [illegible] EXCHANGE

BRADFORD PA

GEO. A. [illegible],

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

[illegible]

BRADFORD PA

[illegible] / M. F. ELLIOTT / D. H. JACK

BERRY, ELLIOTT & JACK,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

NOTARY PUBLIC & COMMISSIONER.

Office [illegible]

Bradford, McKean Co. Pa.

L. L. STONE / [illegible] WILL

STONE & WILL.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Office [illegible] Hall

Bradford, Pa.

MULLIN & McCLURE,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Corner Main and Pine Sts.

Bradford, Pa.

JAMES C. BOYCE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COUNSELLOR IN PATENT CAUSES.

Office Room [illegible] Cor Main & Webster Sts.

Bradford, McKean Co. Pa.

E. R. MAYO,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

Eldred, McKean Co. Pa.

P. R. COTTER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

SNYDER & COLCORD.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Offices [illegible] Allegany, McKean county and Coudersport, Potter county, Pa.

Physicians

E. C. BROWN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office [illegible] Rockwell House

SMETHPORT PA

H. L. McCOY.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in Backus Building, Main Street.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. FREEMAN,

Surgeon, Obstetrician and Consulting Physician and Surgeon

Office hours from [illegible] a. m. and [illegible] p. m.

Smethport, Pa.

R. J. SHARP,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office over Richmond & Son's Drug Store,

Smethport, Pa.

EVAN O. KANE.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Kane, Pa.

Surgeon to Pittsburg & Western Railroad Co. [illegible]

S. A. BISHOP,

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,

Smethport Pa.

JAMES T. DONOHUE,

PLUMBER

SMETHPORT, PA.

In the rear of Armstrong's Drug store.

Lead and Iron Pipe for Water, Gas and Steam. Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Kitchen Sinks, Iron Sinks, Pumps, etc.

Business Cards.

Hotels

WRIGHT HOUSE.

MAIN ST SMETHPORT, PA.

B. F. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

First Class in Every Respect.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first-class Hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. Rates reasonable.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

H. S. SARTWELL, Prop'r.

FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Tables and Bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. Rates reasonable.

Exchange Hotel,

NEAR BUFFALO DEPOT, SMETHPORT, PA.

W. D. CHAMBERS, Proprietor.

This Hotel is newly made and furnished in all respects for the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

BENTON HOUES

Larrabees, Pa.

F. J. VICKERY, Prop'r.

Located directly opposite the McK. & B. and B. N. Y. & P. R. R. depots. The house has recently been rebuilt and newly furnished in the most modern style and is now a first-class house.

BUCKTAIL HOTEL

KANE, PA.

R. E. LOOKER, Proprietor.

Is newly [illegible] and refurnished and one of the best Hotels in McKean County.

Broezel's Hotel,

cor Seneca and Wells Streets.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

First Class in every respect.

John Broezel, Prop'r.

WHY DO YOU

Go away from home to

BUY HARNESS GOODS

when you can get

BETTER BARGAINS AT HOME.

We employ none but

FIRST-CLASS WORKMEN.

All of our work is WARRANTED to be of the most durable kind.

These goods are all hand-made by first-class workmen and with first-class material, using both Hemlock and Oak tanned leather.

CALL AT OUR SHOP and we will convince you that we can do better by you than can any foreign dealers.

GLEASON & LEMMLER.

Smethport, Pa. April 24, 1879.

NAVAL [illegible] BATTLES. [illegible]

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH

BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the article for [illegible] the falling energies, invigorate [illegible] It enables [illegible] the debilitating effects [illegible] renewed vigor to the [illegible] arouses the liver when inactive, renews the jaded appetite and encourages healthful repose. Its ingredients are safe and its credentials [illegible] persons of every class of society [illegible]. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

For the Splendid New Book

Agents Wanted

THE WORLD'S WONDERS

AS SEEN BY THE GREAT

Tropical and Polar

Explorers,

Including the OFFICIAL HISTORY of the late GREELY EXPEDITION in search of the North Pole.

All the achievements, discoveries, travels and adventures of the great explorers, with descriptions of wonderful countries, customs and habits of [illegible] peoples, animals, birds, etc. [illegible] the Wonders and Great Natural Curiosities [illegible] the Tropical and Polar Worlds [illegible] Wallace [illegible] Kane, Hayes, Hall, Schwatka [illegible]. Agents wanted. [illegible] HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO. [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

New Carriage Shop

IN SMETHPORT.

CONKLIN WAGONS,

CORTLAND PLATFORMS,

ROAD WAGONS,

CARRIAGES,

AND SLEIGHS.

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

None but good material used. All work warranted, and prices reasonable. Give me a call and you will go away well pleased.

SHOP ON MECHANIC STREET.

W. H. Wetenhall.

SMETHPORT March 13, 1881.—ly.

DARK DAYS.

BY HUGH CONWAY,

AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."

(*Continued from last week.*)

are mothers, and feel the organization of such a ... acutely, are peculiarly liable to be attacked by the mysterious malady. Esquirol was, I believe, the first to notice this fact, and the correctness of his view has subsequently been confirmed by many others.

Such being the case, it is small wonder that Philippa, waking yesterday morning to receive the intelligence that her marriage with Sir Mervyn Ferrand had been a farce should have been thrown into a state extremely susceptible to the attack of the disease. Her careless exposure of herself to the wintry air when last night she sought me and claimed my aid, most probably hastened the attack of the foe. Mrs. Wilson had noticed her strange manner. I myself had remarked upon her rapid changes from calmness to excitability. It was clear to me that even when she visited me last night the mischief had begun to develop itself. I blamed my blindness bitterly. I ought to have seen what was wrong. Considering her agitated state, I ought to have been warned, and have taken precautions, but I had attributed those fitful changes, the meaning of which was now only too plain to me, to the natural agitation experienced by a passionate yet pure-minded woman who found herself betrayed and brought to shame. Oh, had I but guessed the real cause, or rather the way in which her grief had affected her, all the dark work of that night might have been left undone!

Although in many ways it added to the difficulties and dangers which surrounded us, the discovery of the truth was an unspeakable relief to me. No right minded man could now call the poor girl guilty of crime. The man's blood was indeed on her hands, yet she had shed it, not knowing what she did. Her frenzy must then have been at its height. The idea of his coming that night must in some way have occurred to her. The desire to see him must have driven her to go and meet him. Her wrongs—perhaps the dread she now felt of him—may have induced her to arm herself; perhaps she carried the weapon for self-protection. Any way, she was mad when she started; she was mad when she drew the trigger; she was mad when she broke from my grasp; she was mad now as she sat by my fire, eyeing me with morose, suspicious glances. She was mad—and innocent!

Her manner toward me troubled me but little. It is a well-known peculiarity of the disease that the patient turns with hatred from those who were the nearest and dearest to her. Fits of sullen, stubborn silence alternating with fierce outbursts of vituperation are the most common characteristics of the mania. Hideous, startling as it is to see the change wrought in the sufferer, the malady is by no means of such an alarming nature as it seems. In fact the majority of cases are treated with perfect success.

But all this is professional talk. Again I say that the discovery of Philippa's state of mind was an immense relief to me. My conscience was cleared of a weight which was pressing upon it. I felt braced up to make every effort, and thoroughly justified in following whatever course I thought best. Moreover a new relationship was now established between Philippa and myself. For awhile every feeling save one must be banished. We were now doctor and patient.

After much persuasion I induced her to let me feel her pulse. As I expected I found it up nearly to one hundred and twenty. This did not alarm me much, as in the course of my practice I had seen several of these cases. The preliminary treatment was simple as A B C; at all cost sleep must be obtained.

Fortunately, I had a well stocked medicine chest. In a few minutes I had prepared the strongest dose of opium which I dared to administer. In such a case as the present I knew that no driblets would avail, so I measured out no less than sixty drops of laudanum. Sleep the girl must have. That poor seething, burning brain must by artificial means be forced to rest for hours. After that rest I should be able to say what chance there was of saving life and reason.

But preparing a dose of medicine and making a patient like this to take it, are two different things. I tried every art, every persuasion. I implored and commanded. I threatened and insisted. Philippa was obdurate. Her soul she knew I meant to poison her. On my part, I knew that unless she swallowed that narcotic to-night her case was all but hopeless.

I rested for awhile, then I sent for lukewarm water. After some resistance she suffered me to bathe her throbbing temples. The refreshing coolness which followed the operation was so grateful to her that she let me repeat the action again and again. A softer and more contented look settled on her beautiful face.

I seized the moment. Once more I pressed the potion upon her. This time successfully. My heart trembled with joy as I saw her swallow the drug. Now she might be saved!

I still continued the comforting laving of her temples and waited until the drug took its due effect. By and by that moment came. The large dark eyes closed; the weary head sank heavily on my shoulder and I knew that Philippa had entered upon a term of merciful oblivion.

I waited until her sleep was sound as the sleep of death, then I summoned my man. I had already told him that my sister was very ill. Between us we bore her to her room and laid her on her bed. I loosened her dress, cut the wet boots from her cold feet, did all I could to promote warmth and such comfort as was possible under the circumstances. Then I left her, sleeping that heavy sleep which I prayed might last unbroken for hours, and hours, and hours.

CHAPTER V.

A WHITE TOMB.

From the moment when the true state of Philippa's mind flashed upon me, to the moment when I left her sleeping that heavy sleep, I had little time to think of anything else than the best means of saving her life, and if possible, her reason. True, throughout the whole of my operations to effect this end, a dim sort of horror pervaded me—a recollection of the ghastly object which lay on the roadside, some three miles from us. But it was not until I turned from my patient's door that the terrible situation in which she was placed presented itself to me in all its dread entirety. Half broken-hearted, I threw myself wearily into my chair, and covered my face with my hands.

What was to be done! What was to be done! To-morrow morning the body would be found. I felt certain that when inquiry was made suspicion would at once point toward Philippa. Mrs. Wilson knew of her starting from home in the evening, alone and on foot. She knew, moreover, that Sir Mervyn Ferrand was her husband, that he had ill used her. She would most certainly know to whom Philippa had fled. It did not follow that because I was ignorant as to who were my neighbors they knew nothing about me. At any rate, William, my man, would know the truth. So far as I could see, to-morrow or by the latest, the next day Philippa would be arrested for the crime. Most probably I should also be included in the arrest. For that I seemed to care nothing except that it might hinder me from helping my poor girl.

Any hope of removing Philippa—there, put it in plain words—any hope of flight, for days, even weeks, was vain. Let everything go as well as can be in such cases, the girl must be kept in seclusion and quiet for at least a fortnight or three weeks. I groaned as I thought of what would happen if Philippa was arrested and carried before the magistrates, accused of the awful crime. From that moment until the day of her death she would be insane.

Yet, what help was there for it? The moment the deed is known—the moment Mrs. Wilson learns that Sir Mervyn Ferrand has been found shot through the heart, she will let it be known that Lady Ferrand is at hand, and Lady Ferrand, who has been passing under the name of Mrs. Farmer, will be sought and found. And then—and then! Even if she did not die at once—even if she recovered—oh, the shame of the trial! No jury could or would convict her, but for Philippa, my queen, to stand in the dock, to plead for her life. To know that, whether convicted or acquitted, the deed was done by her. To know that all Eng- ance. Horrible! Horrible! It shall never be. Rather will I give her a draught of opium heavy enough to close her eyes forever. There will be plenty more of the drug left for me!

Fool that I was! Why did I do things by halves? Why, for her sake, did I not hide the dead man where none would find him? Why did I not rifle his pockets, so that suspicion should have pointed to a vulgar murderer—some one who had killed him for mere plunder? Why did I not, at least, destroy any letters or papers which were about him? Identification might then have been rendered difficult, and perhaps been delayed for weeks. In that time I might have saved her.

Why do I not do this now? I started to my feet, then sank back into my chair. No, not even for Philippa's sake could I go again to that spot. If I did so I should return as mad as she is now.

Not being able to bring myself to adopt the gruesome alternative, I could do nothing save wait events—nothing at least to avert the consequences of her delirious act.

But for her something must be done. How could she in her frenzied state be left here—her only companions two men! Nurses must at once be procured. I summoned William and told him he must go to London by the first train in the morning.

William would have received my instructions to go to the Antipodes with imperturbability. He merely expressed a doubt as to whether any one would be able to get to London to-morrow on account of the snow. I walked to the window and looked out.

The night was still one mad whirl of snow flakes. The window panes were half covered by such as managed to find a resting place there. As I watched what I could see of the wild white dance, I found myself thinking that by now that dead man on the road must be covered an inch—must have lost shape and outline. I shivered as I turned away.

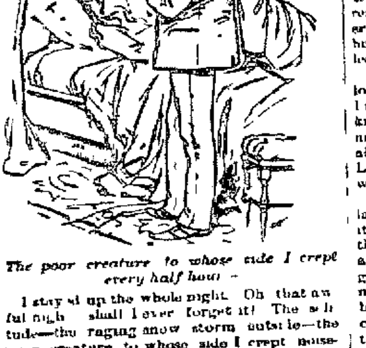
"They are sure to keep the line to town open," I said. "If you can get to Roding you can get to London."

"Oh, I can get to Roding right enough!" said William.

Then I told him what he was to do. He was to take a letter to one of the Nursing Institutions, and bring back two nurses with him. No matter what the weather was when they reached Roding, they were to come to my house at once, even if they had to hire twenty horses to drag them there. He was also to get me a few drugs that I might want.

William said no more. He nodded, to show that he understood me, and I knew if it were possible to do my bidding it would be done.

Of his own accord he then brought me food. I ate, for I knew that I should want all my strength to support the anxiety of the next day or two.



The poor creature to whose side I crept every half hour.

I stayed up the whole night. Oh, that awful night! shall I ever forget it! The solitude—the raging snow storm outside—the poor creature, to whose side I crept noiselessly every half an hour. She lay there with a face like marble, calm and beautiful. The long, dark lashes swept her pale cheek. The only movement was the regular rise and fall of the bosom. Oh happy oblivion. Oh, dreaded wakening! As I looked at her in spite of the love I bore her I believe that had I thought such a prayer would be answered, I should for her sake have prayed that those lashes might never again be lifted.

Morning at last broke on my dreary vigil. Philippa still slept. I returned to the sitting room and drew back the curtains from the window. Yes, it was morning—such a morning as leaden, wintry skies can give. It was still snowing as heavily, if not more heavily than it had snowed last night. For twelve hours the flakes had fallen without intermission.

There was little wind now; it had dropped I know about an hour ago. The world, so far as I could see, was clad in white, but the snow lay unevenly. The wind had blown it into drifts. On my garden path its depth might be counted by inches, against my garden wall by feet.

William now made his appearance. He prepared some breakfast for himself and then having done justice to it, started for Roding. It occurred to me that he might be the first to find the object which lay on the roadside.

Except that doing might delay him and cause him to miss the train this mattered little. I was now calmly awaiting the inevitable. Some one must make the discovery. However, as I wanted the nurses, I said to him:

"Remember this is life and death. Nothing must stop you." He touched his hat in a reassuring manner, and tramped off through the snow.

I returned to my patient's bedside and sat watching her and waiting for her to awake. She had now slept for nearly eleven hours, and I knew that return to life might take place at any moment. I longed for and yet I dreaded, her awakening. When the effects of the opiate were gone how should I find her? Alas! I knew that the chances were a thousand to one that her brain would still be full of strange delusions, that she would turn from me as she turned last night with loathing and anger. But my greatest fear was that she would, upon coming to herself, or rather to her poor insane self, be conscious of the act she had accomplished. It was the fear of this which made me wish that the opium would hold her in its drowsy grasp for hours longer.

This wish was granted. Hour after hour I sat by her motionless form. Now and again I glanced from the beautiful senseless face, and looking out of the window saw the snow still falling. Would my messenger ever be able to reach town? If he did so, would he be able to return? I was bound to have a woman's aid. The presence of the roughest daughter of the plow would be welcome to me when Philippa awoke. And it was now time she did so.

Although I felt her pulse almost every other minute, and could find no reason for alarm, I am bound to say that her long sleep, protracted far beyond any I had in my experience seen produced by the exhibition of narcotics, rendered me very uneasy. I shall, I am sure, scarcely be credited when I say that Philippa's unconsciousness lasted for 16 hours—from 9:30 at night to 1:30 on the following afternoon. I began then to think the duration abnormal and determined to take some steps towards arousing her.

But I was spared the responsibility. She stirred on the couch. Her head turned languidly on the pillow. Her dark eyes opened, closed, and opened again. She looked at me in a dazed manner, not at first seeming to know me or to understand why I was near her or where she was. A prey to the wildest anxiety I leaned over her and waited until she spoke.

Little by little her bewilderment seemed to leave her. Her eyes rested with curious inquiry upon mine. "Basil!" she said faintly but in a tone of surprise, "you here! Where am I?"

"Under my roof—your brother's roof," I said.

"Ah! I remember," she said, with a deep sigh. Then she closed her eyes, and once more seemed to sleep.

What did she remember? It seemed to me too great a mercy to expect that those hours of oblivion had effected a cure, but my hope was that she did not remember what had happened when she met Sir Mervyn Ferrand on the road. I was almost trembling with excitement. I was longing to really know in what state her mind was. Besides, I thought she had slept as long as was good for her. I took her hands and called her by name.

Once more she opened her eyes. They expressed no fear of me, no dislike to me. They conveyed no reproach. They were calm and weary, but gave no evidence of any mental disorder.

"Have I been ill long, Basil?" she asked.

"Not very long. You are going to get better soon."

"I came to your house, did I not?"

"Yes, and here I mean to keep you. Do you feel weak?"

"Very weak. Basil, I have dreamed such horrible things."

"You have been feverish and delirious. People like that always fancy strange things."

She was, indeed, as weak as a child, but for the time at least, she was perfectly sane. I could have cried for joy as I heard her faint but collected words. I ventured to hope that I had before me one of those very rare cases—such as I had seen described but had not as yet met with—where the patient awakes from a long artificially produced sleep perfectly free from all maniacal symptoms. If this were so with Philippa, if the return of reason were to be permanent, I knew that a few weeks' careful nursing and judicious treatment might quite restore her to health. Even as this comforting thought came to me I remembered the peril in which she stood. To-morrow—aye, even to-day—the thing which I dreaded might happen and sweep away all the good the narcotic had done her.

She was now fully awake, and perfectly quiet. I gave her some refreshment, then seeing she was lying in peaceful silence, I thought it better to leave her. As I quitted her room I drew down the blind, fearing that the whirling snow might bring recollections which it was my one wish to keep from invading her mind.

The long dreary day wore away. The light faded, and another night began. Philippa still lay calm, silent, and almost apathetic. I did nothing to rouse her. I went to her side as seldom as possible. I feared that her seeing me might recall the events of the last night, and that recollections so awakened might destroy all the good which I felt sure had been accomplished by the long hours of oblivion and quiet. Could I have deputed my task to another, I would not have even shown myself to my patient. Most anxiously, as evening came, I awaited the appearance of my faithful William and the nurses.

Would they be able to reach us in such weather? It was still snowing fiercely. For more than twenty four hours the mad white revel had continued without intermission. Indeed, that storm which burst upon the world as I turned from Philippa's house on the preceding night is now historical, it was the beginning of the heaviest and longest fall which the record of fifty years can show. For two nights and a day the snow came down in what may almost be called drifting masses. During that dismal day I saw from the window the heaps against the wall grow deeper and deeper, and even in my preoccupied state of mind I found myself marvelling at the sustained fury of the storm.

At ten o'clock at night I sadly gave up all hope of the much needed assistance arriving. After all, I supposed that William had found it impossible to fight against the weather, so I made my preparations for another night of solitary watchfulness. I was all but worn out with fatigue, yet I dared not sleep. If the mania returned, what might happen were I not at hand to restrain Philippa's actions? My hope that the madness had really left my patient, not, if she were properly treated, to return, was a growing one, but not yet strong enough to allow me to leave her for any length of time.

My delight then may be imagined when looking for the hundredth time up the road I saw close at hand two flashing lights, and knew that William, the faithful, had done my bidding. In a few minutes two respectable women from one of the best of the London nursing institutions were within my walls.

The train had, of course, been late, very late. At one or two places on the line it had almost given up the battle, and settled down quietly until dug out, but steam and iron had conquered and at last it did get to Roding. There William, knowing my dire necessity, offered such a magnificent bribe that he soon found an enterprising carriage proprietor who was willing to make the attempt to force two horses and a carriage over six miles of road between Roding and my house. The attempt was successful although the rate of progression was slow and William triumphantly ushered his charges into my presence.

After giving them time for rest and refreshment, I explained the nature of the case, set out the treatment I wished to be adopted, and then led them to Philippa. I left the poor girl in their charge for the night, then went to take the sleep of which I stood so much in need.

But before going to bed I saw William. I dreaded to hear him say what gruesome sight he had seen that morning, yet I was bound to learn if the deed had yet been made public.

"Did you manage to get to Roding all right this morning?" I asked with assumed carelessness.

"I managed all right, sir," said William, cheerfully.

"Snow deep on the road?"

"Not so deep as I fancied it would be. All drifted and blown up to one side like. I never seen such a thing. Drift must have been feet deep this morning. What must it be now, I wonder? Something like the Arctic regions, I should think, sir."

For the first time for hours and hours a ray of hope flashed across me. William had walked that lonely road this morning and noticed nothing except the drifted snow! I remembered how I placed the dead man in the little hollow at the bottom of the bank. Could it be that the kindly merciful snow, which I have already described as beginning to form in a winding sheet, had hidden and buried him? That a pure white shapeless heap which told no tales, concealed for a while the dark deed from the world? Oh that Philippa were well enough to leave this place to-morrow! We might fly and leave no traces behind us. She might never know what she had done in her madness. The fearful secret would be mine alone. A burden it would be, but one which I might easily find strength enough to bear. Bear it! I could bear it, and be happy, for something told me that could I but save her from the peril which menaced her, Philippa and I would part no more in this world until death, the only conqueror of such love as mine, swept us asunder.

Once more I looked out into the night. Still the snow flakes whirled down. Oh, brave kind snow! Fall, fall, fall! Pile thy masses on the dead wretch. Hide him deep in your bosom. Fall for weeks, for months, forever! Save my love and me!

CHAPTER VI.

THE SECRET KEPT.

It is needless to say that when I awoke the next morning my first thought was of Philippa, but my first action was to go to my window and look at the skies. My heart sank within me as I saw that the snow had ceased falling, and the wintry sun was shining. I threw up the sash, the cold air cut me like a knife. I gathered up a handful of snow from the window-sill. It crumbled in my fingers like tooth powder. I guessed at once that a hard black frost had succeeded the snow. I ran down stairs and glanced at my thermometer outside my sitting room window. It registered twelve degrees of frost. My spirits rose. I felt that Philippa would be saved. The wind was due east; so long as it stayed there the frost would last, and that white tomb on the roadside hide the secret of the dreadful night.

I found moreover that Philippa's condition was all that could, under the circumstances, be hoped for. Since she had awakened from that long sleep into which the opiate had plunged her there had been no recurrence of the delusions, no symptoms which gave me any alarm. She was, of course, weak in body but quite quiet and collected. She spoke but little and the few words which she did speak had no bearing on forbidden or disturbing subjects.

Day after day went by, and still the brave black frost held the world in its iron grip, and kept the secret of the night. Morning after morning I woke to find the wind still blowing from the east, the skies clear and showing every evidence of a long spell of hard weather. A presentiment that we should be saved was now firmly established in my mind. The heavens themselves seemed to be shielding us and working for us.

I have not given the year in which these things occurred, but many who can remember that mighty fall of snow, and the time which the frost kept it on the earth, will be able to fix the date. Since that year there has been no weather like it.

Day by day Philippa grew better and stronger. I spare you, as I promised to, all description which is not absolutely necessary of my treatment of my patient, and all technical summary of the case, but before many days had gone by I knew that, as I hoped, I had to deal with one of those rare instances in which the balance of the mind is restored by forced sleep, and the complete restoration of health is but a matter of time and care.

As soon as it became a certainty that all danger to life or reason was at an end I began to consider what course to adopt. The moment she was well enough to risk the journey, or even, if a thaw set in, before then, Philippa must fly from the scene of the tragedy in which she had played so terrible, yet morally irresponsible, a part. We must put land and seas between ourselves and the fatal spot. But how to persuade her that such a flight was absolutely necessary! Brother and sister as we now termed ourselves, would she ever consent to accompany me abroad? Had I the right to put the woman I loved in such an equivocal position? No! a thousand times no! And yet I knew there was no safety for her in England, and with whom could she leave England save with me?

I dared not urge upon her my true reason for flight. It was my greatest hope that the events of that night had left her mind when the madness left her, never to be recalled. And now time was pressing, ten days had passed by. The glorious frost still kept our counsel, but it could not last forever. The time must come when the white heaps of snow would melt and vanish away, and then Sir Mervyn Ferrand's cold dead face would appear, and tell the tale of his death to the first passer by.

I had scarcely quitted the house since that night. Yet one day a kind of morbid fascination had led me to walk along the road toward Roding, and to halt at what I judged to be the spot where I laid the dead man by the side of the road. I fancied I could single out the very drift under which that awful thing lay, and a dreary temptation to probe the white heap with my stick, and make sure, assailed me. I resisted it, and turned away from the spot.

There was a certain amount of traffic on the road. By now the snow had been beaten down by cart wheels and people's feet, so that it was quite possible to walk from one place to another. As I reached the house from which Philippa fled to seek refuge with me, I encountered Mrs. Wilson. I was going to pass without any sign of recognition, but she stopped me.

"I thought you were going to take your sister away?" she said.

"Lady Ferrand was unfortunately taken very ill when she left you. She is now hardly well enough to be removed."

"Has she heard from Sir Mervyn?" asked Mrs. Wilson, abruptly.

"Not to my knowledge," I replied.

"It is strange. You know, I suppose, that he was expected at my house that night?"

"Certainly I do. It was for that reason my sister left you."

Mrs. Wilson looked at me thoughtfully. "She will not meet him again?"

"Never," I said, thinking as I spoke that my words bore a meaning only known to myself.

"Does she hate him?" she asked, suddenly.

"She has been cruelly wronged," I said evasively.

She laid her hand on my arm. "Listen," she said. "If I thought she hated him I would see her before she leaves, and tell her something. If I thought he hated her I would tell him. I will wait and see."

She turned away and walked on, leaving me to make the best of her enigmatical words. She was evidently a strange woman, and I felt more sure than ever she was in some way mixed up with Sir Mervyn Ferrand's early life. I had a great mind to follow her and demand an explanation, but caution told me that the less I said to her the better. It was from this woman's knowledge of the relationship between Philippa and the dead man that, when the secret of the night was laid bare, the greatest danger must arise.

"Has she heard from Sir Mervyn?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

After walking a few paces Mrs. Wilson turned and came back to me. "Give me an address," she said, "I may want to write to you."

I hesitated, then I told her that any letters sent to my bankers in London would reach me sooner or later. It was too soon to excite suspicion by concealment of one's movements.

It was after I had gazed at that white tomb by the roadside that my impatience to remove Philippa grew fiercer and fiercer. Moreover I had at last made up my mind what to do with my precious charge. As soon as she would be well enough to bear the journey, I resolved to take her to London and place her in the hands of one of the truest, noblest, tenderest women in the world—my mother.

She was in London, waiting for me to join her. I had written telling her that the serious illness of a friend prevented me from leaving my home for some days. Now I resolved to go to her and tell her all Philippa's sad tale—all save the one dark chapter of which she herself, I hoped, knew nothing. I would take her to my mother. I would tell my mother how I loved her, I would appeal to her love for me, and ask her to take my poor stricken girl to her heart, even as she would take a daughter, and I dared to hope that if only for my sake, my prayer would be granted.

Philippa was now thoroughly convalescent. As I lay down my pen for a moment and think of that time, with its fears and troubles, it is a marvel to me that I could have dared to wait so long before removing her from the neighborhood. I can only attribute my lingering to the sense of fatality that all would go right, or to the professional instinct which forbade me urging a patient to do anything which might retard recovery; but the time had at last come.

Save for her quiet and subdued manner, my love was almost her old self again. Her words and manner to me were tender, affectionate and sisterly. I need hardly say that during that time no word crossed my lips which I would have recalled. Love, if not the thought of it, I had laid aside until happier days dawned for—I say it advisedly, and at risk of censure—Philippa was to me pure and innocent as on the day when first we met. If her hands were stained with the blood of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, she knew it not. Her wrongs had goaded her to madness, and her madness was responsible for the act, not she herself.

The man's name never crossed her lips. For all she spoke of him he might never have existed, or, at the most, been but a part of a forgotten dream. As soon as she was well enough to rise from her bed, and I could for hours enjoy her society, we talked of many things, but never of Sir Mervyn Ferrand and the immediate past.

But, nevertheless, there were times when her look distressed me. Now and again I found her gazing at me with anxious, troubled eyes, as if trying to read something which I was hiding from her. Once she asked me how she came to my house that night.

"Out of the whirling snow," I said as lightly as I could. "You came in a high state of fever and delirium."

"Where had I been? What had I been doing?"

"You came straight from Mrs. Wilson's, I suppose. I know no more."

Then she sighed and turned her head away, but I soon found her troubled dark eyes again fixed on my own. I could do nothing but meet their gaze bravely, and pray that my poor love might never, never be able to fill those hours which were at present a blank to her.

At last, exactly a fortnight from the fatal day, we left my house. I was now what is legally termed an accessory after the act, and was making every effort to save the poor girl from justice. In order to avert suspicion, I decided it was better not to shut up my house; so I left the faithful William to take care of it, and await my instructions. At present it was advisable that any inquirers should learn that I had gone to London with my sister, and that the time of our return was uncertain. By and by, if all went well, I could get rid of my cottage in an ordinary way. I, for one, should never wish to visit the place again.

Philippa acquiesced in all my arrangements. She was quite willing to accompany me to town. She trusted me with childish simplicity. "But, Basil, afterward—what afterward?" she asked.

Even in the midst of the menacing peril it was all I could do to refrain from kneeling at her feet and telling her that my love would solve the question of the future.

"I have a surprise for you in London," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "Trust yourself to me, you will not regret it."

She took my hand. "Whom else have I to trust?" she said simply. "Basil, you have been very good to me. I have made your life miserable. It is too late to atone, but I shall never forget these days."

Her eyes were full of tears. I kissed her hand reverently, and told her that when I saw the old smile back upon her lips, all I had done would be a thousand times repaid; but as I spoke I trembled at the thought of what might be in store for both of us.

We drove to Roding, and were perforce obliged to take the road which passed by Mrs. Wilson's house. Philippa half rose from her seat, and seemed to be on the point of asking me some question, but she changed her mind, and relapsed into silence. I felt a horrible dread lest the roadside objects and landmarks should awaken recollection, and my heart beat violently as we neared the white heap by the hedge, that heap which I believed held our secret. I felt that I grew deadly pale. I was forced to turn my head away and look out of the opposite window. My state of mind was not made easier by knowing that Philippa was gazing at me with that troubled look in her eyes. Altogether I felt that the strain was becoming too much for me, and I began to wonder if my life would ever again know a happy or secure moment.

After a long silence Philippa spoke. "Tell me, Basil, have you heard from that man?"

I shook my head.

"Where is he? He was coming that night. Did he come?"

"I suppose not. Why do you ask?"

"Basil, a kind of horrible dream haunts me. There was something I dreamed of that fearful night, something I dream of now. Tell me what it was."

The perspiration rose to my brow. "Dearest," I said, "no wonder you dream. You are well now, but that night you were quite out of your senses. Your fancies are but the remains of that delirium. Think no more of that wretch, he is probably living in Paris, after the manner of his kind. Think only that life is going to be calm and happy."

Anything to keep the knowledge of her fatal act from her! I forced myself to talk in a light, cheerful manner. I jested at the appearance of the few muffled up country people whom we passed on the road. I pointed out the beauty of the trees on the wayside, each branch of which bore foliage of glistening snow. I did all I could to turn her thoughts into other channels—to drive that strange questioning look from her eyes. Right glad I felt when we were at last in the train, and the first stage of our flight an accomplished fact.

Upon reaching London I drove straight to the hotel at which my mother was staying. It was one of those high priced respectable private hotels in Jermyn street. I engaged rooms for my sister and myself. I sent Philippa to her room to rest, and then went to find my mother. In another minute I was in her arms, and ere half an hour was over I had told her Philippa's story, and my love for the woman on whose behalf I besought her protection.

Yes, I had done right to trust her. I knew her noble nature, her utter freedom from the petty trammels of society. I knew the love she bore her son. Let me here thank her once more for what she did for me that day.

She heard all my outpourings in silence. I told her all, save two things—the name of the man who had wronged my love and the fate which had overtaken him. I told her, as I have told you, how I had loved—how I loved Philippa, how I now dared to hope that in time to come my love would be rewarded. I prayed her to take my poor girl to her heart, and by treating her as a daughter restore, if it were possible, her self respect.

My mother heard me. Her sweet face grew a shade paler. Her lips quivered and the tears stood in her eyes. I knew all that was passing through her mind. I knew how proud she was of me and what great things she had hoped I should do in the world. She was a woman, and, woman like, had counted upon her son's bettering himself by marriage, but, in spite of all this, I knew I was right in counting upon her aid. Once again, my sweet mother, I thank you.

She rose. "Let me see the woman you love. Where is she? I will go to her."

"She is here in this house. Ah, mother, I knew you would do this for me."

She kissed my forehead. "Bring her to me," she said.

I went out, and sent word to Philippa that I wanted her. She soon came to me. She had removed the stains of travel, and, although pale, looked the perfection of graceful beauty. I led her to my mother's room. She stopped short as she saw it tenanted by a lady. A quick blush crossed her cheek.

"Philippa, dearest," I said, "this is my mother. I have told her all, and she is waiting to welcome you."

Still she stood motionless, save that her head bent down and her form heaved. My mother came to her side, and, placing her kind arms around her, whispered some words which I neither heard nor tried to hear. Philippa broke into a storm of sobs, and for some moments wept on my mother's shoulder.

Then she raised her head and looked at me, and my heart leaped at the expression in her tearful eyes. "Basil, my brother, you are too good to me!" she ejaculated.

My mother led her to the sofa, and, with her arms still round her, sat down by her side. I left them, knowing that my love had now the truest, noblest heart to sob against, the quickest, most sympathetic ear to listen to the tale of her wrongs, and the softest, kindest voice to soothe and console her.

Ah! how happy I should have felt could that one night's dark work have been undone—could that white tomb forever hold its ghastly secret!

CHAPTER VII.

THE MELTING OF THE SNOW.

The first stage of our flight towards safety accomplished, I sat down to once more review the situation, and to take such counsel as I could give myself. I endeavored to foreshadow the consequences of the inevitable discovery of Sir Mervyn Ferrand's death. I tried calmly to ascertain in what quarter the danger of discovery was situated, and how best to guard against or turn aside the peril.

Undoubtedly the chief person to fear was Mrs. Wilson. She alone knew that the man intended to reach Roding that night. She alone knew in what relation, or supposed relation, he stood to Philippa. The very night of his death would be fixed by the snow storm, and I felt sure that as soon as the dead man was identified Mrs. Wilson could not fail to associate her guest's sudden departure and subsequent illness with the terrible event. The moment she revealed what she knew or suspected, suspicion must point to the right person, and pursuit must at once follow. My heart grew sick, as, think how I would, I could see no loophole by which to escape from this danger.

About secondary things I troubled but little. Upon calm reconsideration, I did not believe that my stolid William would for a moment jump at the right conclusion. If he were led to suspect either of us, it would be me, not Philippa; and I well knew that he was so much attached to me that, although he felt certain I had done the deed, he would feel equally certain that I had good and proper reasons for doing it, and no word to my detriment would pass his reticent lips. No, there was little to fear from William.

I had blamed myself deeply for the impulse which had urged me to hurl the fatal weapon away. Why did I not keep it and bury it fathoms deep? If that pistol were found it would possibly furnish a clew which might be followed up, and undo everything. My only hope was that I had thrown it in some spot where it might lie for years undiscovered, until all association between it and the murder had disappeared.

To sum up briefly, I was bound to decide that the damning circumstantial evidence which could be furnished by Mrs. Wilson drove me back to my original idea. There was no chance of my poor Philippa's remaining unaccused or unsuspected of the deed she had unwittingly done, so her only hope of safety—indeed, considering all, I may also say my only hope of safety—was rapid flight. We must gain some land in which we could dwell without fear of being arrested. What land was there?

Many a one. The date of my story is before 1873, when nearly all the extradition treaties were made. At that time such treaties existed with only two foreign countries, France and the United States; so that our choice of a resting-place was not so limited as those who are flying from the clutches of the law find it to-day. However, in order to make certain, I paid a visit to a legal friend of mine, and, by quoting a supposititious case, managed to acquire a good deal of information respecting the dealings of one nation with another, so far as fugitives were concerned.

I found that although, with the two exceptions above named, there was no settled international law on the subject, there was a kind of unwritten substitute, which was known by the name of the Comity of Nations. Under this code of courtesy a notorious criminal, who had sought refuge in the arms of another country, was not uncommonly, although there was no law under which he could be arrested, given up to his pursuers, by being simply driven across the frontier of the country in which he had hoped to find security. However, I gathered that this so-called comity was scarcely expected to be exercised by the most friendly state, unless the fugitive had fled almost red-handed, and so placed his guilt beyond doubt. No one exactly knew how far this obliging expulsion might be counted upon. It was generally supposed to be decided by the amount of influence or persuasion which one government exercised on the other.

This information rather upset my preconceived ideas as to the ease with which safety might be obtained, but reflection told me I had little to fear. The case against Philippa would be nothing more than one of suspicion. No one, not even I myself, had seen the deed done. A warrant would, no doubt, be issued for her arrest, but if our flight precluded its execution I did not believe that any government would put itself out of the way to aid the English law. There was no one save myself, who could positively swear that Sir Mervyn Ferrand had been killed by Philippa.

I learned that Spain was then, even as it is now, the land safest against English law. Perhaps the reason is that the grave yet at times hot-blooded Spaniard reckons human life at a lower value than more northerly nations. Any way, it was to Spain that I turned my eyes, Spain that I resolved to reach without an hour's unenforced delay.

The very next day I broached the subject of foreign travel to my mother. Although so short a time had passed since they first met, I was overjoyed to see the terms upon which she and Philippa stood. The girl seemed to cling to her as to a natural protector—seemed ready to install her in the place of the mother she had lost. After all, the love of her own sex is indispensable to a woman's happiness. It did my heart good to see the two together. Philippa talked to my mother as she had never talked to me; and I knew that when the day came upon which I should ask for the only reward I wanted, my mother's kindness to the forsaken and shame-stricken girl would be an advocate that pleaded strongly in favor of my suit.

But could it ever be? Could we know happiness in the face of that dark night's work? Ah me! my heart sank as I thought that any day might bring the crushing blow. Let there be no delay. Let me not blame myself hereafter for any negligence or false security. Let us away from the peril.

"Mother," I said, "will you come abroad with Philippa and me?"

"Abroad, Basil! I have only just come home."

"No matter, come with us at once. Let us go to some place where there is warmth and bright sunshine. Let us go to Spain."

"Spain! why Spain? Besides, surely Philippa is not fit for a long journey?"

"It will do her good. Her recollections of this country are but sad ones."

"Well, in a week or two I will see about it."

"No, at once. Let us start to-morrow or the next day. Mother, I ask it as a favor."

"Give me some good reason, Basil, and I will do as you wish."

"Look at me, and you will see the reason. Cannot you see that I am ill, worn out, nervous? I must have a change, and at once."

She gazed at me with solicitude. "Yes, I know you are not well, but why Spain?"

"A whim—a sick man's fancy. Perhaps because it is Philippa's father's country put it into my head. Mother, tell me, how do you like her?"

"She is the woman you love, she is very beautiful, she has been cruelly treated, she is blameless, to say more after so short an acquaintance would be exaggeration."

"You will come to Spain with me—with her?"

She kissed me and gave into my whim. Then I sought Philippa.

"My mother is going to take us abroad," I said, with a smile which was forced, as all my smiles now were. "She will see to everything for you."

"She is kind—she is sweet," said Philippa, clasping her hands. "Basil, I am beginning to worship your mother. But why are we going abroad?"

"To get away from sad thoughts, for one thing; for another, because I feel ill."

She gave me a quick look of apprehension which brought the flush to my cheek. "Oh, let us go at once," she cried. "Let us leave this land of ice and I will nurse you and make you well. Where are we going? When are we going?"

"To Spain—to-morrow or the next day."

She looked at me with the troubled gaze which I had so often noticed. "Basil," she said, "you are doing this for my sake."

"And my own, I fear."

"I threw away your love—I spoiled your life. I came to you a shamed woman. You saved me! You did not scorn me. You brought me to your mother's arms. Basil, may God requite you. I never can."

She burst into tears, and left the room hastily.

It was well I settled the matter of the foreign journey then. That afternoon the wind changed and a thaw set in—a thaw that slowly but surely drew away the thick white veil which covered the whole of England.

That night I had little sleep. I could do nothing but lie awake and picture that white tomb slowly melting away, until the white face beneath peered out of it and made the dread secret known to all. Who would be the first to discover it? Doubtless some country man or woman passing that way in the gray of the morning. I drew pictures of the discoverer's horror—the shriek of terror he or she would give. I scarcely dared to close my eyes; for I knew that if I dreamed my dreams would take me to stand over the snowdrift, and force me to watch it melting away! It seemed to me that until Philippa was out of the range of pursuit I should not sleep again.

Faster and faster, now it had once begun, the thaw went on. Warm wind, heavy rain the next day, helped it. That tremendous fall of snow had, indeed, been the last effort of the winter. I dreaded what I might see in the morning's papers.

For it was the third day from that on which I spoke about going abroad, yet we were still in London. When it really came to making preparations for the projected trip there were a thousand and one things to be done. There was the needful passport to be obtained; my mother had many purchases to make for both Philippa and herself. She was now fully contented with the prospect of a long sojourn on the continent, but she liked traveling in comfort, and objected very much to being hurried. So it was that, in spite of the pressing need for immediate flight, we were still in London.

The dangerous delay made me nervous, excitable and ill-tempered. This state of mind was not without benefit to our cause, as my manner as well as my looks fully convinced my mother that my own health was the sole object of the journey. So, like a good creature, she set to work in thorough earnest to get everything ready for our departure.

To-morrow morning we were to start. I prayed Heaven that it might not be too late, that the next twenty-four hours might pass without what I dreaded taking place. For I knew that by now that ghastly object on the roadside must be lying with the light of day on its pale face!

With an effort I opened the morning's paper, and ran hastily up and down the col-

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
Payable in Advance: one year $1.50; six months, $1.00; three months, 75 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES
Advertisements are published at the rate of 15 cents per nonpareil line of space for one insertion; [illegible] for two, and [illegible] for three insertions. Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application. [illegible]

Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, [illegible] per year.

Local notices [illegible] cents per line for one insertion; [illegible] cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices over five lines, [illegible] cents per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications should be addressed to
L. ROOKES,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 23, 1885.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

The republican papers of the state have charitably refrained from criticising the message of the governor which was sent to the legislature at its organization, as it deserved. It contained some creditable recommendations, it contained others which should not have been found in such a document, some portions of it were exceedingly obnoxious, not alone to republicans but to democratic members of the two houses. The Harrisburg correspondent of the Port Allegany *Reporter*, the day following the reading of the message in the legislature, told the librarian of the senate, that a leading democratic senator had said in his presence that the governor's attack on the librarian was an outrage. A leading democratic member of the legislature told the writer of this that he was first amused then disgusted at portions of the message." He also said "this man (referring to the governor) seems to delight in humiliating those who placed him where he is."

Two weeks ago the MINER devoted much more space to the message than the merits of the document warranted, and we do not care to give any more to its consideration. For the benefit of the *Reporter*, however, and the intelligent portion of its 400 subscribers who also read the MINER, we publish the following letter which the editor of this paper sent to the Philadelphia *Press* some days ago. All but the last paragraph appeared in the columns of the *Press* on Wednesday Jan'y 14th.

To the Editor of THE PRESS:

SIR: Before leaving Harrisburg on Wednesday last a friend informed me that your Harrisburg correspondent in his letter of the night before, stated that in reading the governor's message in the senate I had purposely insulted the governor by not reading his name correctly.

For several years of my life I have read the whole or at least portions of the message which the executive sent to the senate, but never before was I confronted with a hundred pages of indifferently written manuscript. The messages of former years from the late Governor Packer's time (which is as far back as I have personal knowledge) to the beginning of the present term have been printed before they were presented to the senate. No man can take up strange manuscript, even if well written, and make rapid progress in reading it. For nearly two hours I was blundering through the message, and if it had been printed it would not have taken half the time. When the signature of the governor was reached, not being familiar with it, I could not readily make it out, and inadvertently read it John E. My attention was instantly called to the mistake by Mr. Cochran and was at once corrected. It may seem strange, yet it is true that if I had been asked, before reading the message, what the governor's first name was I probably could not have given it, for I was not in the least familiar with it. This is undoubtedly owing to the fact that I have been absent from the state most of the time for the past two years.

The allegation that I aimed to insult the governor is simply nonsensical and could only have emanated in the imagination of some youthful scribbler who was ambitious to create a sensation even if no foundation existed for it. I had neither intention or desire to insult the governor or any one else.

Truly yours
L. ROOKES.
Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 12, 1885.

THE failure of the banking firm of J. J. Cisco & Sons last week caused consternation in financial circles. It is said that the failure was precipitated by the peremptory demand of Mrs. E. H. Green who was a depositor to the extent of a million dollars, to transfer a large sum to another bank. The firm has been her financial agent ever since it was established and held the bulk of her securities in its vaults. Mrs. Green whose maiden name was Hettie Robinson has been reputed for many years to be the richest woman in the United States. Her fortune is estimated at from thirty to forty millions, and it may be still larger. She is exceedingly careful in her expenditures, and she has always kept the management of her fortune in her own hands. She has been largely interested in the Louisville and Nashville railroad since her husband was connected with it, and while he was president of the company she bought the securities freely. It was reported that she demanded the transfer of her deposits when the proposal was made that her husband's account should be charged against her own.

THE estimation in which Gov. Pattison's late message to the legislature is held by many of the democratic papers of the state, is voiced in the following, which appeared in the *Sunday Spirit* of Jan'y 11th, a democratic paper published in Wilkesbarre: "Governor Pattison's last message should be labelled thus: 'The flattest public document in the archives of the state.' A few more such hum drum democratic governors would soon bring about another twenty years lease of the government by the republicans."

IF Mr. Randall deserves the "ovation" of the south because of his tariff views, Blaine's letter of acceptance ought to be pasted on the head board of every democrat's bed, so that he could save time at night and say, "Lord them's my sentiments."—Fort Worth [illegible].

THE republicans of the N. Y. legislature did the creditable thing in electing to the senate the great lawyer, Hon. Wm. M. Evarts.

"THE FRAUD OF '76."

Our democratic friends will never tire of harping over the "fraud," as they term it, of 1876. They organized an electoral commission, by virtue of an act of congress, and confidently expected through it to capture a president. They were "hoisted by their own petard," and to use a slang phrase, "lost the pot." A few weeks ago our amiable friend of the Emporium *Independent* took us to task for denouncing the democratic attempt to steal a state senator in Chicago thereby securing a majority on joint ballot in the legislature and per consequence, a U. S. senator. We cut the article out calculating to answer it but laid it aside and overlooked it until a few days ago. Here it is:

"We are a little surprised that so sensible a man as the editor of the McKean MINER should want to have those Chicago democrats sent to the penitentiary calling it 'one of the boldest pieces of villainy ever attempted in the northern states.' We have a faint recollection of a piece of 'villainy' perpetrated by a set of northern republicans in 1876-7 that beats this Chicago affair clear out of sight as villainy that cheated the democrats out of the presidency, after their candidate had been fairly and honestly elected. And yet we do not remember that the editor of the MINER shouted '*send them to the penitentiary*.' If the former deserve the penitentiary the latter deserved a much severer penalty. The former only attempted to steal a state senator, while the latter actually did steal a president and a mighty poor one at that."

Soon after brother Gifford delivered himself of the foregoing, the N. Y. *Tribune* had occasion to reply to a similar, but probably not as well written article in the Buffalo *Courier*. It comes in so good right here that we feel constrained to use it, and only hope the *Independent* will pardon us for so doing.

WHY 'SQUEAL?'

In the Buffalo *Courier* establishment the boy never comes down from the composing to the editorial rooms with the message that they are short of copy that the editor does not proceed to cry up the tube to the foreman, "Take a column, or column and a half or two columns, or as much more as you want, from the standing galleys on 'The Fraud of 1876.'" It is a subject which is irresistibly fascinating to the editor of the *Courier* and he always keeps a copious discussion of it in stock.

He seems to be laboring under the idea that Mr. Hayes could not read his title clear to the presidency, when the fact is that his title was as valid as George Washington's or Grover Cleveland's. When a man makes a trump and then gets euchred, it does not lie in his mouth to squeal. There was a contest over the election in 1876. The democracy made the trump. It was the electoral commission. They were beaten 8 to 7 and have been squealing round ever since. We suppose they will continue to squeal until the stars of eternity break through time's last twilight. But they will never succeed in making the squeal impressive. And they cannot make it even entertaining without "the aid of the *Tribune's* key to the cipher dispatches. Hence our affectionate advice to the *Courier* is: Don't.

CAMERON ELECTED.

On Tuesday of this week the legislature settled the senatorial question by each house casting a majority of its vote for J. Donald Cameron. On Wednesday the two houses met in joint convention and ratified the work of the day before. This result has been foreshadowed for some time past as it was impossible to organize an opposition to his election which was in any manner formidable. Undoubtedly there would have been a bolt which would have prevented his election had it been known six months ago that Mr. Cameron would be a candidate. But long before that time it was announced that he would not ask a re-election and when the county conventions met throughout the state, no action was had, relating to the senatorial question. In a number of counties the legislative candidates would have been positively instructed to vote against Cameron had there been the slightest suspicion that he was a candidate. His canvass has been managed with consummate shrewdness, and there is no other way now but to acquiesce in the result. Mr. Cameron will represent Pennsylvania in the United States senate for the coming six years and it is the duty of republicans to render him all the support in their power.

THE FALL OF TAMMANY.

The New York *Star* which blazed for Tammany Hall, has fallen from its firmament. Its light is extinguished. Tammany has sustained an irretrievable disaster. It has gone down in ruin. The reputation of John Kelly as a shrewd, far seeing, and capable leader has gone down with it. His influence has perished. Cleveland wanted to kill Tammany, and his open hostility as much perhaps as anything else won for him the regard of the mugwumps. Bragg, Cleveland's spokesman at Chicago, spat in Tammany's face. All of that sort "loved Cleveland for the enemies he has made." Kelly could have killed Cleveland in the recent election. On his return from Chicago he swore he would not raise a finger or help Cleveland. As election day was drawing nigh—a day of doubt and anxiety until Burchard had opened his mouth—expectations were held out to Tammany, expectations of places and bone picking for Tammany's hungry wolves, whose maws had to be filled, and Kelly forgot himself. He lifted not only his finger but his two hands for Cleveland. Had Kelly been true to self respect he would have folded his arms and done nothing in the presidential contest. Cleveland would have been crushed and Kelly would have demonstrated his power. In after conventions the democracy would be sure to give him due recognition and would be careful not to insult him or his constituency. As it is, he goes down, with his banner, in disgrace, and now there is none so poor as will do him reverence.—*Irish World*.

SOME editors have a very happy way of expressing themselves. A Colorado editor, referring to a recent lynching says: "There was no regular trial in the case of John Flanders yesterday. He had an interview in the woods with a few friends and it is perfectly certain that John will not burgle any more."—Texas *Siftings*.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The week's work in congress was varied in character, importance and interest. There was a sensational discussion about the patriotism and traitorship of Jeff Davis, early in the week, which commanded much attention. There were dull debates on financial questions on interstate commerce, on appropriation bills, and there were political debates in which the tariff found a chance to demand some attention. A bill to retire Gen. Grant on full pay went smoothly through the senate, and the McPherson funding bill failed in the house, while the old French spoliation claims bill, which has been dangling about in congress since 1802, was passed. The latter bill has now passed both houses three times, has been reported forty two times, and has been vetoed twice, once by President Polk and then by Pres. Pierce.

The struggle for right of way among the special orders has been begun and will grow fiercer week by week as the session approaches the end. The "special orders" now make a long calendar by themselves. There are so many that they clog legislation, and quarrels ensue for the survival of the fittest. The "special order" device has been carried too far and some new one must be contrived by ingenious members who want the house to transact some business in spite of itself. But Mr. Randall says congress is not in a law-making mood now. No, nor has it been for two years. What a commentary upon a party about to assume control of the government. For two years the democratic side in both branches of congress have not only failed to initiate any useful, successful legislation, but it has defeated the wise and beneficial propositions of its opponents. The remaining days of the session are so few, and the regular appropriation bills still to be considered are so many that this postponement to another congress of all general legislation will be easy to accomplish. But what the democrats will gain by making such a record is not so clear. In the forty ninth congress they will be numerically weaker in both the senate and the house. In the present house there are 201 democrats and 142 republicans. In the next house there will be 182 democrats and 142 republicans. On the whole too the democrats lose more important and experienced men than the republicans. In the next senate the republicans will gain two, and the democrats will lose two members. They lose Pendleton, one of their ablest men, and may lose several other such men by cabinet or foreign appointments. Since the next congress will have much to do under the most favorable circumstances, it would seem wise to get as much business out of the way as possible at the present session, but the democrats say they are not in the humor and that ends it.

Several events in the last week have been calculated to attract attention to the government collection of paintings, in the executive and departmental portrait galleries. The arrival at the white house of a life size three quarter length portrait of President Hayes, gains interest from the fact that it completes the collection of portraits of presidents from Washington to Arthur inclusive. The arrival at the navy department of a crayon portrait of Cabot the first secretary of the navy, revives interest also in the department's collection, the most incomplete of any of the executive departments. The white house collection is the most interesting of them all—is most familiar to sight seers and affords a great variety of sizes and styles, and a wide range of artistic merit. Beginning with the large portrait of Washington that hangs opposite that of Mrs. Washington in the east room, the series is followed through the small paintings of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Taylor, Harrison and Johnson which line the walls of the president's library, to the larger and more imposing portraits of John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Polk, Fillmore, Buchanan, Pierce, Tyler, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur, that are hung along the main corridor and in the red room. The Hayes portrait has just been assigned to a position over the red room door where it is too high to be seen well. The comparison between the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Hayes, in a position of honor in the green room, and the rather common place picture of her husband over the red parlor door in the dark, will not have a tendency to silence the unkind remarks that have been made about the respective influence of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes in the management of the administration that intervened between Grant and Garfield. R.

Washington, Jan. 18, 1885.

THE governor has instructed the Superintendent of Public Printing to declare the contract with the publisher of the Legislative *Record* forfeited, in case there is any failure in the publication according to the terms of the contract. If that will abate the nuisance it is to be hoped the failure will prove a success.

IN THE report of the senatorial election in the Harrisburg *Telegraph* of Tuesday last, Messrs. Lee and Emery are reported as voting in the house for Mr. Cameron. Mr. Lee was confined to his room with an attack of pneumonia, and Mr. Emery voted in the senate for Hon. W. D. Kelley. This seems like an inexcusable typographical blunder.

PRIVATE SECRETARY LAMONT'S opinion that there will be no mad rush for office under Cleveland's administration appears all right until it is stood up against the declaration of Senator Blackburn that there are 20,000 office-hunters in Kentucky alone. There it seems to be a little out of plumb.—Phila. *Press*.

THERE is much talk of expelling a member of the Illinois legislature for returning his railroad pass to the company.—Detroit *Free Press*.

THE evident intention of the democratic leaders is to do nothing for fear they may do something wrong. This is not a courageous or hopeful attitude for a party which has just been intrusted with the administration of the government.—Boston *Herald*.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

The beech, according to Mons. Hansen-Blangsted, is supplanting other trees in the forests of Denmark. Its readiest conquests are made in its struggle with the birch, which is rapidly disappearing before it, and which now forms forests only where the soil is too poor to support the beech. The earliest forests of the country were mainly composed of aspens, with which the birch was apparently associated, but as the soil and climate improved the fir appeared in great numbers, and ruled for centuries. The first place was then gained by the holm oak, and is now, like the birch and the fir, but more slowly, being replaced by the beech. The superiority of the beech seems to be in its power to grow in the shade of any trees, while other trees are unable to grow in the shadows of its own dense foliage.

RAINFALL.

Considering its extent, America is better supplied by the clouds than Europe and Africa. In the tropics of the old world the annual rainfall is about 77 inches while in tropical South America it is 155 inches. In the eastern United States it is 40 to 50 inches, but west of the 100th meridian to the Sierra Nevada it is mostly 12 to 16 inches. The annual average of Great Britain is 25 inches, that of France 20 to 21 inches, but about the Alps it is mostly 35 to 50 inches. Farther from the coast, in Central Germany and Russia, it is only 15 to 20 inches. The moistest climate known is in India, at Cherrapunjee, where over a small area the yearly fall of rain is over 610 inches, or about 51 feet.

Mons. Onimus has reported to the French Academy of Science that the cholera epidemic of Paris and Marseilles were attended by a low proportion of ozone in the atmosphere, and that the administration of ozone produced favorable results in cases of the disease.

MORE NEW BATTERIES.

Electric batteries are multiplying. A new primary cell, devised by Dr. Pabst of Stettin, operates by the consumption of iron, the electrodes being carbon and wrought iron dipping into a solution of chloride of iron. This cell is attracting much attention in Germany and it is expected to prove valuable in domestic electric lighting. In another primary battery—that of Profs. Bartoli and Papasogli—the peculiarity is that the carbon is consumed, the electrodes being platinum and carbon and the exciting liquid hypochlorite of soda.

Pasteur the great French chemist devotes his entire time to original research, although he receives a salary equivalent to $2800 a year as scientific director of the Superior normal school of Paris. Koch, the eminent German physiologist, is provided with a laboratory by the government, and is paid a sum equal to $1,500 per annum.

A German mining engineer Herr J. Muller, brings light coins up to the standard weight by the electro deposition of metal upon them. Unless it is necessary to add considerable to the weight, this process simply forming a thin and uniform coating does not deface the characters upon the coin.

Most experiments with hydrochlorate of cocaine have been confined to mucous surfaces, like the eye and the mouth. By applying it under the skin however Mons. J. Grasset has found that the new anaesthetic may be made to produce local insensibility in any part of the body, the duration being sufficient for various surgical operations.

LIGHTNING IN THE TROPICS.

To confirm other experience of tropical thunderstorms, J. J. Meyrick reports that very few persons or buildings are ever injured by lightning in the plains of India, although, at the commencement of the monsoon storms occur in which the lightning runs like snakes all over the sky at the rate of two or three flashes a second, and the thunder often roars for an hour without a break. He supposes the rarity of accidents to be due to the great thickness of the stratum of heated air and its effect in keeping the clouds so high that most of the electrical discharges pass from cloud to cloud and very few reach the earth. Confirmation of this view is found in the observation that in mountains and in colder climates, where the clouds approach nearer to the earth's surface, much greater damage is done by lightning.

An English observer has reached the conclusion that the musk beetle (*Aromia Moschata*) has the power of emitting or suppressing its odor at pleasure, but that when dying the scent is continuous and very powerful. He mentions a case in which a scent of roses has been known to proceed from the human body in fatigue and weakness. Similar instances are given by another writer.

In Cape Colony the extensive planting of the common tomato is recommended, as it is alleged that insects shun the land on which it is grown. The suggestion is made, however, that the same effect may not be produced in cooler countries.

Liquefied oxygen is lighter than water, and a little heavier than alcohol, according to a French chemist, who has calculated its specific gravity as 0.868.

An Australian naturalist has discovered the nervous system of the sponges.

THAT Chairman Cooper's efforts in behalf of Blaine in the late campaign are appreciated by that gentleman is shown in the present recently received by Mr. Cooper from Mr. Blaine. It was intended as a Christmas present but was received a little late. It was an elegantly bound copy of Mr. Blaine's book, entitled "Twenty Years in Congress," and accompanying it was the following autograph letter.

MY DEAR MR. COOPER,—If it do not seem too late, pray accept my sincerest expression of thanks for your cordiality and your efficiency during the late campaign. If we do not come together early, let us be late in parting.

Yours truly,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

What are You Going to do About it?

Springfield, Ill., correspondence of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A mossback democrat of Palmyra, Macoupin county, writes to *The State Journal*, indorsing a recent interview in which the prospective behavior of the southern democracy was rather warmly sketched and after citing cases of alleged outrage by union soldiers in Illinois says:

Hundreds of like instances might be enumerated to show why the democrats of this section should not have any love for Lincoln's soldiers nor his party. For over twenty years we have been called "traitors," "copperheads," etc. have been constantly shoved to one side to make room for the men whose hands were red with the blood of our friends. The Lincoln hireling and "forty-dollar" conscript have been elevated and we correspondingly debased. But, thank God, that day is past. With Grover Cleveland at the head and the solid south at his back seconded by us of the north our day has come! Your hopes of exciting dissensions in the democratic ranks are futile. The confederacy will rule this country and you along with the rest. The soldier of the sunny south will meet with his just reward, and a pension according to his service and needs. The southern gentleman will get dollar for dollar for his stolen slaves and the darkey will find that his present high opinions of his worth and political importance are to be thoroughly eradicated. The aspiring and greedy gentlemen that have put in four years of their lives murdering, burning and thieving from the men that are to rule this country in the future, will find it an effectual bar to any preferment, and should consider themselves lucky to escape the consequences of their crimes so easily. The old gray horse has won the race and will take the stakes in spite of you, your party, or George William Curtis and his sore heads. And again I want to ask you, supposing you don't like it. What are you going to do about it?"

Confederate Cannon.

Twenty years ago, just previous to the evacuation of Columbus, the rebels dumped a large water battery into the Mississippi river near the iron banks, just above the town. The battery contained several large pieces, sixty four pounders and upwards. Nothing had ever been seen of the cannon from that time until Nov. 12 when the butt end of one of them was seen protruding from the water. A large number of men obtained a flatboat succeeded in pulling it aboard when it was found to be a sixty four pounder, in which was an eight inch unexploded shell. The cannon was run to the top of the bank, the shell extracted and a salute fired in honor of the election of Grover Cleveland. Not being positive of the stability of the recovered cannon the parties in charge were induced to use at first but three pounds of powder, the last salute being fired with seven pounds.

The piece was bright and had not received the slightest damage from its long submersion. The butt of another is visible and steps will be taken to recover the whole battery. The cannon bears the mark, United States. The explosion of the guns, being of such magnitude, even with the small quantity of powder used, was so great as to shake the whole city breaking hundreds of windows. The guns disappeared with the democratic party and returned in time to celebrate its victory.—St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEWELRY
of all descriptions.
SILVER-WARE
The Best Made.
POCKET CUTLERY
TOYS,
A Full Assortment.
SPECTACLES
AND
EYE-GLASSES
And all Goods in my line for which I will DUPLICATE any REGULAR DEALER'S Prices.
I Will match the
'ROCKFORD'
Watches against the world for time and money
All kinds of
REPAIRING
a specialty, and all work WARRANTED.
Call and See us.
M. L. Armstrong,
MAIN ST.   SMETHPORT, PA

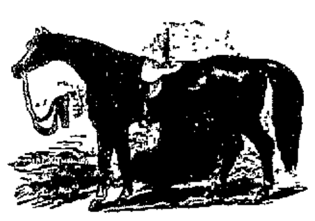
DRUGS
PATENT MEDICINES,
School Books, Blank Books.
Stationery,
Fancy Goods.
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
NEWS DEPOT AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY CAN BE FOUND AT
THE
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
OF
A. B. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWNELL BROS
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods,
Notions,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Groceries,
Provisions, etc.
AGENT FOR THE
White Sewing Machines
OUR MOTTO—"Justice to all."
Smethport, - Pa.
February 8, 1882.   9-1y

The Largest Merchant Tailoring and Clothing House in America
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
Philadelphia
A full line of card samples of the great piece goods stock will be found with
I. L. ARMSTRONG,
SALES AGENT,
Smethport, Pa.

A PRESENT OF $50.00
—TO—
Horsemen and Farmers.



CENTAURINE!
—THE GREAT—
Cleansing and Healing Compound
Is positively guaranteed to cure the worst case of Scratches, Corks, Sore Necks, Mud Fever or Wounds of any kind on Horse or Man. Centaurine has had a local reputation for twenty years dating back to the fall of '65, when product of petroleum was discovered. This is no advertising dodge. [illegible] Ask your druggist what our instructions are in regard to it. [illegible] Price 50 cents per bottle.
OUR TONIC LAXATIVE
HORSE POWDER
is a purely vegetable preparation free from any mineral, and [illegible] Price 25 cents per box.
Don't forget our
White Pine Petroleum Hoof Ointment
The great softener of nature in softening the hardened or brittle hoofs. Try a package of these valuable preparations, and if they don't prove as represented get your money back. Price 25 cents per box. Manufactured by
WILSON & BRENEMAN,
Pharmaceutists,
KENDALL CREEK, PA.
For sale at W. T. Cattle's Smethport, Pa.

MILK! MILK! MILK!
The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Smethport and vicinity that his arrangements are finally completed and that on Monday, February 2, he will establish a
NEW MILK ROUTE!
Pure, Fresh and Rich Milk.
At 6 Cents a Quart
until Spring when the price will be reduced.
The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
Wm. Ramer.
Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 2, 1885.

THE OLD STAND-BY!
I have purchased of Messrs. G. R. Moore & Son the livery business at the Knapp Barn on Water street and the Bennett horse barn on Main street with stalls for fifty horses.
I have greatly added to the Livery Department and now have one of the
Largest and Best Equipped
STABLES
In McKean County
With 16 Horses,
New Carriages,
New Harnesses,
And New Robes,
I can furnish my patrons with the best and most complete outfits obtainable in this part of the country. With ample stables for
Boarding & Transcient Horses.
Also the nicest rooms in town for storage of Carriages belonging to my patrons, an abundant supply of Hay and Grain of the choicest quality and trusty men to attend to the wants of all customers. I can assure the public that any business I am favored with will receive prompt and satisfactory attention. All wanting saddle Horses, single or Double Rigs, or Team Work are invited to call.
ORDERS BY TELEGRAPH OR TELEPHONE WILL BE ATTENDED TO WITH DISPATCH.
A fair share of patronage is solicited. Office and Headquarters at the
KNAPP BARN,
WATER STREET.
A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 8, '85.

H. A. SPRAGUE'S
HARDWARE STORE,
Opposite the Grand Central,
IS HEADQUARTERS FOR
Hardware, Stoves, Tinware,
House Furnishing Goods
SILVERWARE,
Cutlery, Lamps,
Glass, Lead, Oils, Paints, Putty,
Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools,
In fact everything usually kept in a First Class Hardware Store. The Closest buyers and Best judges of what they buy concede the fact that more goods of same quality can be bought for less money at the above store than any other place in the Country.
A COMPETENT TINNER
Always on hand ready to do work on short notice.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEAN'S LIVERY!
At the new Livery of F. B. Dean on School street can be found as
FINE TURNOUTS
as at any establishment of the kind in McKean County.
LADIES' SADDLE AND DRIVING HORSES
a specialty. Safe teams for funerals can always be had at reasonable prices.
HORSES BOUGHT & SOLD
Good stable for Transcient and Boarding Horses.
OPEN ALL HOURS
Call before hiring elsewhere.
F. B. DEAN.
Smethport Nov. 20, 1884.

Hotel for Sale.
The undersigned offers for sale the property known as the "Exchange Hotel" located at the McKean & Buffalo depot East Smethport Pa. The house is well furnished, has bar and livery, and everything in first class order. Will be sold at a bargain to the right parties. For particulars call on or address,
H. SOWERS,
East Smethport, Pa.

F. C. OLDS,
At his store in
FARMERS' VALLEY, PA.
is prepared to supply his customers with
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Crockery, and all other goods required for family use or to keep soul and body together at figures that will astonish
The Natives!
He keeps on hand always the choicest brands of Flour, Feed, &c., and his Buckwheat can't be beat in the County. Smethport people will save money by taking a short ride of four or five miles to his place, and [illegible]
Farmers Valley, Nov. 20, 1884.

CALL ON
C. L. DOUGLASS
For Your
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
Boots & Shoes, Etc.
He keeps on hand the best goods the markets afford. Also Proprietor of
SMETHPORT GRIST MILL
Feed and Meal
of the very best quality at the very lowest prices. Custom work done on short notice.
Mechanic St., SMETHPORT, PA.

Great Reduction
IN PRICES.
John C. Hamlin will [illegible]
Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Stoves, Etc.
At Prices Astonishingly
Low for Cash.
For example
[illegible]
Smethport, [illegible]

A HOME [illegible]
[illegible]
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
[illegible]
SALT RHEUM, [illegible]
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

WAGON,
Carriage and Blacksmith Shop,
MECHANIC ST., SMETHPORT, PA.
Wm. Masser, - Prop'r.
HORSESHOEING!
A SPECIALTY.
The Greatest Care Taken in Shoeing Horses with
Bad Feet!
All kinds of Repairing done to order on short notice.

MASONIC HALL
FURNITURE STORE!
Specht & Sasse
We are now settled in our new store and are prepared to furnish the people of this vicinity and county with
FURNITURE
of all kinds and of
PRICE AND QUALITY
to suit the purchaser.
Undertaking in all its branches.
Full and Complete Line of
WALL PAPER!
Constantly on Hand.
Friends and patrons are invited
CALL AND SEE US
in our location, and
Look at our Stock
SPECHT & SASSE,
Main St.,   Smethport, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CATARRH
IN THE HEAD,
Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Stomach (Dyspepsia), the early stages of Consumption, Asthma, Hay Fever and all diseases of the NOSE, THROAT and LUNGS CURED by a new and SUCCESSFUL SYSTEM.
Not a douche, snuff, nor patent medicine.
Each case is treated according to the symptoms; what will cure one case may be worthless in another. Result of a grand experience. If you are a sufferer you cannot afford to let this pass, you should at least investigate. Treatment both internal, which destroys the germs in the blood; and external, which is a grand discovery in the healing art, so simple and yet so sure. Remedies are all pleasant to use, and results most gratifying. Treatment sent to your home, where it can be used successfully. Send for book on Catarrh containing references and diagnostic blank, free. Address
Dr. S. W. BEALL, Catarrh Specialist, Columbus, O.

BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR HOLIDAY TRADE!
A LARGE STOCK OF LADIES' AND GENTS'
FINE SLIPPERS!
New & Desirable Styles & Patterns
Also for
BOYS, MISSES
AND CHILDREN.
AND A FULL LINE OF
HIGH TOP SHOES,
For Young People and Ladies' Wear.
AT REDUCED PRICES.
No Shoddy in any of my Goods.
Buy Useful Presents in Boots and Shoes of
G. A. GROVES,
NO. 28 MAIN ST., BRADFORD, PA.

New Goods Just Received
At D. C. YOUNG'S.
IMMENSE STOCK OF
Spring and Summer Clothing
For Men, Boys and Children.
LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
Complete Line of
DRY GOODS
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS.
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC
And Full Stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES!
All of which were bought CHEAP FOR CASH, and will be sold accordingly.
CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK—NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS
Smethport, Pa., Sept. 25, 1883.   D. C. YOUNG,

JOHN DIGEL'S
MARBLE WORKS.
Monumental
and
Mantel Designs
Executed in the Best Style from either
MARBLE OR SLATE
Water Street, Smethport, Pa.

IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF
VASELINE
(PETROLEUM JELLY.)
One Ounce bottles reduced from 15 cts. to 10 cents
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25 cts. to 15 cents
Five Ounce bottles reduced from 50 cts. to 25 cents
The public must not accept any but original goods bottled by us, as the imitations are worthless.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., New York.

H. W. RUBIN,
DEALER IN
GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.
Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all such work as belongs to the trade. All work warranted. I have also on hand a fine assortment.
Clothing, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
Main Street,   SMETHPORT, PA

J. C. HAMLIN,
—DEALER IN
HARDWARE, STOVES, Etc.
CUTLERY,
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, PAINTS,
OILS, GLASS, PUTTY,
SHELF FURNITURE and TIN-WARE.
JOB WORK of all kinds done on short notice and at reasonable rates.
Customers say that J. C. Hamlin sells goods as low, if not LOWER than they can get them in any other store in the county.
SMETHPORT, cor. Church and Main.

New Spring Goods
MISS CARSON
Has just received a complete stock of the latest styles of
Millinery Goods!
And is prepared to supply patrons with HATS and BONNETS trimmed in the
LATEST AND FRESHEST STYLES.
Give her a call before purchasing. Don't forget the place: DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE (next door to Young's store.)

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 22, 1885

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The label on your paper shows the time to which it is paid.

If you want the address of your paper changed, give the old address as well as the new one.

If you want your paper stopped, pay arrearages, otherwise you will be liable for it whether you take it from the office or not.

If you do not get the paper regularly let us know. We send every man a paper every week, and the trouble is with the mails when not received.

OUR BRADFORD AGENT

T. F. Mullin, Esq., is our authorized agent in the city of Bradford. Any subscriptions left with him or any orders for advertising in the Miner will receive prompt attention.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

—New moon.

—Court again this week.

—Almost time for another show.

—Lent begins the 18th of February.

—Our open winter is evidently closing up.

—Blanks of all kinds for sale at this office.

—Music at the rink to-morrow (Saturday) night.

—Gossip is a little quiet in this place at present.

—Washington's birthday comes on Sunday this year.

—Blossburg was visited by quite a serious fire last week.

—Water pipes as well as money are very tight this winter.

—The next club dance will be held on Wednesday evening the 28th inst.

—Plenty of cold weather, but not enough snow to make business boom.

—Senator Cameron was re-elected United States senator by a majority of 80 over all.

—You can now go from New York to Europe for $10. This is cheaper than you can walk.

—Look over our legal columns of this issue and see if your wife or husband is seeking a divorce.

—Ice has been harvested to quite an extent for the past few days but it is not of the best quality.

—Ground hog day is February 2. Then perhaps we can give something definite about the weather.

—The skating rink is kept open only Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays now for want of patronage.

—St. Valentine's day is rapidly approaching, when you will find out what your neighbor thinks of you.

—It is estimated that a thousand derricks were destroyed in the northern oil field by last Saturday morning's gale.

—Erie county is to be divided. The city of Buffalo will be a county by itself and the rural towns will constitute another county.

—Skating rink property is getting to be a drug on the market in adjoining counties and the sheriffs have to help the owners to get out of business.

—Get your best girl and drive to the residence of S. P. Beckwith, Esq., on the evening of Jan. 30th to attend the donation for the benefit of Rev. Gates.

—At a regular meeting of the board of pardons, held last Tuesday, a rehearing was refused Robert Butler, of this county, convicted of murder in second degree.

—It is rumored that the Grand Central Hotel will change hands in a short time and that H. S. Sartwell, the present proprietor, will be succeeded by E. N. Taylor.

—George Travis was hanged at Wellsboro on Thursday last for the murder of Martha Sylvia on the 11 of April 1884. He was the first person ever hung in Tioga county.

—A Texas county judge recently delivered a farewell address which excited the admiration of all his friends until some officious person discovered that Washington had delivered the same address many years ago.

—A Salamanca saloon man has commenced to sell whiskey for five cents a glass. This new departure is made the subject of a half column puff in the *Union*. This must be a deep laid plot to depopulate the surrounding towns.

—E. L. Keenan, Esq., will proceed at once to build himself a model law office on his lot opposite the Bockwell House. F. Brooks has taken the contract and it will not be many weeks before Mr. K will occupy the coziest office in town.

—There are more than 3,000 roller skating rinks in the United States. More than $20,000,000 is invested in rinks and as much more in the manufacture of rink articles. Eight millions of people, or about one-sixth of the population, are interested in the pastime.

—Dr. Carver has finally succeeded in accomplishing the task of hitting 60,000 glass balls in six days. The score stood as follows: Shots, 64,881; misses, 4,865; hits, 60,016. This is a great advance in the cause of civilization. Carver ought to have a monument alongside of Washington.

—It is said that the financial affairs of the New Orleans exposition are in very bad shape. There is some chance of its going into the hands of a receiver. Governor Pattison will probably veto the bill passed by the legislature of this state, appropriating $10,000, and the state headquarters will have to be closed.

—The Wellsboro *Agitator* is not only one of the oldest but one of the best republican county papers in the entire country. Its editorial columns have been characterized for the display of more than ordinary ability since the day M. H. Cobb first controlled those columns. Thirteen years ago Mr. Cobb was called to another field and Mr. Barnes stepped into his shoes. At the time it was feared that the paper would lose by the change, but it did not, the high position it had attained being more than maintained as the years rolled on. A couple of weeks ago the *Agitator* entered upon its 33d volume on the topmost wave of the tide of its prosperity.

—Did you ever stop to think what a tireless letter writer a good local paper is? Week after week, reaching into year after, it goes on, telling of the marriages, births, deaths, the comings and goings of all the people, accidents, improvements, meetings, and court and church news,—in fact, events of all kinds. All is grist that comes to the hopper of a good local paper. Why, if you were to undertake to write a letter each week to your absent friend and tell half the news your local paper gives, you would soon give up in despair. The supposed pleasure becomes tiresome, the letters become shorter, farther apart, and finally drop. Why this difference? Because with the newspaper man it's business.—*Agitator.*

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would deem it a favor if those having friends visiting in this place would notify us by postal or by leaving a notice at this office.

Elisha K. Kane, of Kane, is in town on jury this week.

Miss Ada Marshall, of Lafayette, is visiting Miss Maud Stephens.

Mr. F. E. Brooks, manager of the rink, was in Olean the first of the week.

Mrs. F. O. Richmond leaves this afternoon for a visit among Bradford friends.

R. L. Taylor is lying very ill at his home in Kendall. We hope for his recovery.

His Honor, Mayor Brodie, of Bradford, was in town most of the week in attendance on court.

Irvin Schultz of Wilcox was married to Miss L. Barr M. Kreitout of the same place on the 15th inst.

Misses Fanny and Belle Brawley of Mendall are visiting their brothers John and Hugh for a few days.

Hon. W. S. Brownell accompanied by his son George left Tuesday for an extended trip south. They will visit the Exposition before returning.

A Judge's Order.

Judge Boyer, of the Montgomery county court, has made the following order regarding licenses: "It is ordered that hereafter no license to keep an eating house or restaurant will be granted by this court unless the petition for the same shall be accompanied by a declaration in writing filed of record, under the oath or affirmation of the petitioner, that the plaintiff has made the necessary arrangements for an eating bar, and that he is prepared to furnish at least a cold lunch of wholesome food whenever called for during the hours when his establishment is open for the sale of drinks, and that he will sell no liquors, or knowingly allow them to be sold or drunk upon his premises, except those which are permitted by his license."

The Head and the Tail.

Under the foregoing head the *Star* announced a few days ago that "The Sunday News has been moved into the *Era* office, thus becoming a part of that establishment, as it has long been in fact. The head will doubtless still have the cheek to blow hot while the tail blows cold; the head will puff the water works while the tail condemns them; the head will give taffy to the Rochester & Pittsburg railroad, while the tail effervesces with impotent wrath at its imperial head. There's one thing, however, in which both ends of the dog must agree and that is devotion to the Standard and trying to rise as fast from the Standard's table."

Why isn't the arrangement a good one for blowing hot and cold at the same time.

The Lucky Poor.

It has been discovered that another danger menaces the grasping people who are striving to amass money. A German microscopist recently examined a number of silver coins in ordinary use under a microscope. The incrustations in the hollows were found to consist of textile fabrics, globules of animal matter, and unicellular algæ, but the most important discovery made was that nearly or all the coins were bacteria in active motion and bacilli in great numbers. These active agents of contagious diseases may probably be found on all coins in current use, and it is well known that paper money is sometimes made the vehicle of diseases. Let the man who has no filthy lucre congratulate himself on what he escapes.

Eldred Took The Cake.

Bradford and Eldred sports participated in a warmly contested cocking main at the latter place a few evenings ago. Fifteen birds on each side were pitted, the stakes being $200 on the main and $30 a battle. The Eldred birds proved too fly for the Bradford chickens, not only winning the main but three extra battles. This makes a stand off, and another contest will probably result, which event will not be advertised with half sheet posters.

The Smethport Band.

The band boys have decided to undergo another course of training this winter, and have secured the services of C. L. Veasley, of Bradford, who comes highly recommended as their instructor. They have taken in several new members and made quite a number of important changes, so that the aid of a good teacher became a matter of necessity. We also understand that they intend purchasing new uniforms. Ere the robin's nest again we will have a band second to none in the state.

Our Nightwatchman.

Frank Rumsey after going through a great deal of red tape business has finally been appointed night watchman. He will be paid for his services by a subscription which was liberally signed by the business men and inhabitants of Main street. He has full power to arrest all disorderly persons and not a few of our citizens will rest easier with the knowledge that their property is in a measure protected from the depredations of mid night marauders.

Menkin Captured.

Menkin, the murderer who was under sentence of death and who escaped from jail at Binghamton, N. Y., on the 14th inst., was captured at Owego last Sunday by Deputy Putnam, who claims the $1000 reward. His counsel has made an application for an appeal, and it will probably be six months, and perhaps a year before he pays the penalty of his deed. In the mean time the sheriff will see that he does not take any more pleasure trips till he assists him off on a tight rope excursion.

Baptist Church.

Services next Sunday as usual. The subject of the morning sermon will be "Forsaking Christ, both personally and representatively." In the evening the discourse will be upon "The secret of Infidelity."

Services will be held at the Hamlin school house Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Gaining Years.

The McKean county Miner has passed its 21st year and like good wine improves with age. It is one of the best and most welcome of our weekly exchanges, and we cordially hope that with each succeeding year it may continue to increase in prosperity and usefulness.—*Star.*

No Heavy Deficit.

The Pittsburg *Telegraph* says that the friends of ex-United States Marshal John Hall will be gratified to know that a full investigation of that gentleman's accounts with the government show them to be correct, and that no heavy deficit exists as had been frequently charged.

Hats and Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed in every style, shape and color can be bought at less than cost at Miss Carson's millinery store. Call at once.

EAST BRADFORD.

F. B. Dean was over renewing his acquaintance with old Bradford friends last week.

A fire on Mechanic street Thursday morning destroyed a building occupied by P. Freedman as a hotel and H. Selberberg a tailor shop. Loss about $1,000.

The councils have fixed the mayor's salary at $500 a year. The ordinance has not as yet been signed by the mayor and it cannot be a law until it is, unless the councils pass it over his veto. It is not known whether he will veto it or not.

The mayoralty contest is narrowing down. C. L. Wheeler and J. T. Jones say they do not want the office. C. B. Whitehead, J. G. Howe, W. C. Kennedy and R. B. Stone are among those now mentioned as available candidates. No one in particular seems to have the lead, but it is pretty certain a republican mayor will be elected.

The judgment of Mrs. McGihan for $1000 damages against the city, has been nearly paid off together with the costs, which amounted to about $160. There are several other claims of this character now pending in the courts, for damages on account of defective side-walks, and the officials would save large bills of costs in each case if they would settle them up. In only one instance have they shown good sense in regard to the settlement of cases of this kind and that was in regard to the claim of T. W. Cole, to whom they gave $600.

A good many people here don't seem to know that we have got a furniture factory running in the city, one of those people is C. H. Newell of Congress street who had occasion some time ago to buy a bed room set. Instead of patronizing home manufacture he sent to Boston and had them shipped here, paying of course a high price for them. One of the owners of the furniture factory happened to see the set one day and discovered that it was made here originally and sold to a Boston firm, who must have been considerably surprised to get an order for it back again to the place it had come from.

Last Friday was a red letter day to the poor of Bradford, who were astonished to find men and teams busy distributing flour and potatoes amongst them. It seemed as though Santa Claus had missed some towns for Bradford Christmas and was just making reparation for his neglect. The "Santa Claus," however proved to be some oil men around the Opera House. Foremost among whom was Dudley Bask, who had made a big winning at faro the night before and who thought the best thing they could do with part of it was to lay it out on the poor of the city. It was certainly needed bad enough and was well appreciated by them. About 150 bushels of potatoes and 100 sacks of flour was distributed.

JUPITER.

Bradford, Jan. 22, 1885.

The Original "Bucktails."

The *National Tribune* recently published the following communication which will prove of very much interest to the many members of the original bucktail regiment living in this county. The communication was called out because of so many different regiments claiming the title of the "original bucktails." The writer says:

In your issue Nov. 20 I find a communication from J. P. McGahey, in which he states that the Appomattox apple tree was a honey locust. Such a thing may be possible. He also says that he was a member of the 190th Pennsylvania (the original bucktails), and that he was at the Appomattox surrender. If the honey locust story is the same as his "original bucktail" story, it is no good. The captain of a New York regiment, in the same issue, tells of having some bucktails under his command at the battle before Petersburg. The 149th, the 150th and now the 190th Pa. all claim to be "original bucktails." What is the matter with them? Let me give this thing right, then let's have done with the original bucktail tirade. In the Spring of 1861 a battalion of riflemen was recruited in the mountains of Pennsylvania on the headwaters of the Susquehanna and Allegany rivers, for the three-months' service. They were known as the "wild cats." The major part of them were experts with the rifle. In May, 1861, they arrived at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg. The three months call was full, so they were attached to the Pa. Reserve Corps as the 13th Pa. R. C. On their regimental colors was inscribed "1st Pa. Rifles, 13th P. R. V. C., 42d Pa. Vols." The regiment was in West Virginia under McClellan when the first Bull Run fight came off. Soon after they joined the Pa. Reserve Corps in front of Washington, D. C., and participated in every campaign of the army of the Potomac had, except Hooker's Chancellorsville, until June, 1864. The entire division Pa. Reserve Corps' time was up in April, 1864, but at the request of Gen. Meade, the division, with the exception of the 6th Inf. (a Pittsburg regiment), volunteered to make the Wilderness campaign. Many were killed and wounded after their time had expired. In '61, at the request of Lieut. Col. Kane, Sec. Stanton gave the boys permission to wear a bucktail plume in their caps. From that on they were known as the bucktails. In the winter of '63 and '64, while in camp at Bristoe Station, on the Orange & Alexandria railroad, the state of New Jersey sent a recruiting agent to the camp of the Pa. Reserve Corps. The state of Pennsylvania had no further use for them as their time would soon be up. The New Jersey agent paid $400 to all that would re-enlist and credit themselves to New Jersey. Uncle Sam paid $200, New Jersey $400, making $600. Quite a number in the division re-enlisted, and when the Pa. Reserve Corps, with the original bucktail regiment, came home, in June, '64, these recruits were organized into a new regiment, and were known as the 1st New Jersey Rifles or 190th Pennsylvania. Nearly the entire organization was soon after captured on the Weldon railroad, and spent the balance of their time in Salisbury prison. After June, '64, there was no bucktail regiment. What was left of the bucktail regiment (1st Pennsylvania Rifles) was mustered out at Harrisburg, Pa., and went West to grow."

One in a Million.

It is said that a Dayton (Ohio), saloon keeper reversed the order of things on last Christmas day. Instead of giving his customers a glass of liquor or other liquid decoction, he supplied himself with a number of small sacks of flour, one of which he gave to every customer who called.—*Ex.*

It is possible the Ohio saloon keepers are that kind of fellows, but—but—well, show us one in Pennsylvania that ever did such an act.

Slaughter of hats and millinery goods has begun at Mrs. Nash's, who has placed on sale her entire stock of hats and other millinery goods, at prices to suit all classes of customers. This sale will continue until they are all disposed of. Call and get a bargain.

CLERMONT.

Wm. Fiddler is now supremely happy. It is a girl of the usual weight.

Mrs. W. Nichols, of Cuba, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. D. Nichols.

A pair of twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Welsh on Monday night, but lived only about an hour.

Rev. Mr. Brown still continues the good work. We understand that over sixty have been forward for prayers.

The wife of Casper Fress, who has been very low from consumption for a long time past, died on Sunday morning last and was buried in the cemetery at Rasselas on Tuesday.

A little error crept into my correspondence last week. The types made Mr. Tassell's name read "Fassell." It is only the difference between a "T" and an "F" but as George is a little particular about the spelling of his name, and is slightly more muscular than your correspondent, the correction is perhaps timely.

The house of Casper Fress took fire from a bed coming in contact with a stove pipe on Tuesday afternoon, and but for the timely alarm and prompt action of some of our citizens, Clermont would have witnessed quite a conflagration as undoubtedly all the buildings on that street would have been consumed. The damage was slight—only the loss of one bed and some damage from water.

Friend Jno. O. Sonburgh does considerable newspaper work in the way of corresponding for the *Swenska Folkets Tidning*, a Swedish journal published at St. Paul, Minn. John must be an intimate friend of the editor in chief, or else his writings show marked ability, for he is always assigned first column on the first page, and as it is the leading Swedish paper of America, he has a just cause to feel elated.

SEVEN UP.

Clermont, Pa., Jan'y 22d, 1885.

Harper's February Number.

Prof. Richard T. Ely, of John Hopkins university, whose studies of "French and German socialism" and the "past and present of political economy" have given him already a high standing among American economists, will contribute to the February Harper's a paper on the industrial city of Pullman," in line with the industrial series commenced in the January number. Prof. Ely makes "a social study" of this curious development of American enterprise, which is neither a town nor a city, but a sort of feudal estate of the Pullman companies. While praising to the highest degree the physical perfections of the plan, he raises grave doubts as to the social organization of a place so un-American as to deny to its residents all participation in local government, and the paper, which is very fully illustrated, is likely to awaken a good deal of discussion.

Wyoming's Wealth.

Some interest has lately been manifested in the rich oil fields which are reported to have been discovered in Wyoming territory. T. Mullin, Jr., an old driller of oil wells in Pennsylvania, has secured some of the very best locations in the oil regions of Wyoming, which he will undertake to improve and operate as soon as the snows are cleared away. He does not claim to be the discoverer of the oil wells, as they have been known to exist in Wyoming for years, but has made investments in the territory and intends to put a large finger in the pie, as he is thoroughly convinced that oil is there in large quantities. Tim Mullin is well known in the east and is considered a good judge of investments. He has opened an office at offices at No. 293½ Sixteenth street, in the city, and is ready to explain the oil business to any one who gives him a call.—*Denver News.*

A Good Thing.

Petitions asking the legislature of Pennsylvania to submit to the voters an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale within this commonwealth of alcoholic liquors to be used as a beverage are being circulated around town. Almost every voter in this vicinity has signed one.

How to get Rich.

Raise two dollar sheep, have them killed by dogs, and then swear in their value at $8 and $10 and let the county settle the bill. That is the way they do in McKean county according to the Miner.—Wellsville *Free Press.*

Yes, neighbor, that's "the size" of it.

Donation.

There will be a donation at the residence of S. P. Beckwith, Farmers Valley, Friday evening, Jan. 30, 1885, for the benefit of Rev. F. H. Gates. All are invited to attend.

By order of Com.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the legislature of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania at its coming session asking the passage of a law prohibiting cattle, horses, mules, sheep and swine from running at large in the township of Keating, McKean county, Pennsylvania.

S. P. BECKWITH,
W. A. YOUNG.

Keating, Pa., Dec. 19, '84.

Finest cigars in town at H. C. Wells drug store.

Attractive and Useful.

The Brown chemical company, Baltimore, Md., the owners of the celebrated Brown's Iron Bitters, have just issued a beautiful *hand book* and *almanac* for ladies, and a complete and useful *memorandum book* for men. These publications are attractive, containing a great many valuable and interesting things. They are furnished free of charge by druggists and country store keepers, but should they not have them the Brown chemical company will send either book on receipt of a two cent stamp to pay postage. 3-3t.

Ladies Wanted.

A lady agent is wanted in every city and village, also ladies to travel and solicit orders for Madame Wood's Corsets and Corded Corset Waists. Agents are making from twenty to fifty dollars a week.

Send for circulars and price-list to B. Wood, 64 South Salina street, Syracuse, N. Y. 3-2m

A full line of patent medicines at H. C. Wells' drug store, Main St.

A large stock of visiting cards and fancy stationary at Wells' drug store.

H. C. Wells sells the finest cigars in own, try them.

F. C. Olds, Farmers Valley, keeps constantly on hand a choice line of groceries, which he sells at low prices, considering quality.

Farmers, Attention!—All kinds of condition powders for cattle, horses and sheep, at the lowest prices, at H. C. Wells' drug store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA

Bargains in hats, bonnets, &c., guaranteed at Mrs. Nash's.

All kinds of smoking and chewing tobacco at H. C. Wells'.

Comfort for the Bald Heads.

[Scientific Exchange.]

According to a French paper there is a German professor who maintains that the reason why the sheep is so intellectually backward and stunted as we know him to be is, that the strain which the growth of his coat imposes on his organism absorbs the entire stock of energy and leaves none to support the mental functions. And so it is with the bear. The sagacity of the animal world is, the professor insists, the appanage of the hairless creatures, and he instances the elephant and the serpent in support of his theory.

Extending his observation to inanimate nature, he points out that the grander and loftier mountain summits are totally bare of vegetation, while it is only the tops of the hills and mountains of the second class that are covered with verdure and are susceptible of cultivation. And applying his theory to the human race, the professor undertakes to demonstrate that baldness is a mark of intellectual superiority. It is a result of the intellectual fermentation of the brain, which gradually bulges out the upper surface of the skull. Baldness is not simply loss of hair, as is vulgarly supposed; it is caused by the excess of cerebral energy, which forces the skull through and causes it to grow above the hair.

The Hand of Power.

[Boston Herald.]

What we are all looking for is the band of power in letters—the hand that can paint a picture or fashion an argument or unfold a story with all the glow and beauty and fascination of a native, and yet in harmony with the universal instincts of literary expression. On this high level the seats are many and the occupants are few, but it is here that the gains of our literature are to be counted and the laurel wreaths are to be bestowed.

Exchange of Compliments.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Sweets to the sweet," snickered the dude, as he passed the pretty young lady boarder the sugar.

"Like cures like," she replied, handing him the cold veal.

She Wanted No Food.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Step this way," said the judge. She arose and approached the railing. "This officer tells me that you have been arrested for vagrancy. It is indeed hard to enforce the law in a case like this." She made no reply but clasped the child closer to her breast. "Have you no home?" "No, sir." "When did you come to this town?" "Nearly a week ago. My husband came here to seek employment. Shortly afterward I heard that he was in a hospital. Then I came as best I could. When I reached the hospital and asked for him, an old man pointed to a coffin in a wagon and said: 'He is in there.' I followed the wagon out to the pauper burying ground, and when the man drove away I sat by the grave. Through the long night I sat there in the stillness that seemed to come down from a greater stillness above. The cries of my child were the only sounds—cries that seemed to come from my own heart. When morning came I appealed for food at a house near by, and the woman who gave me a piece of bread told me to be gone. 'Go,' said she. 'There is something wrong with a beggar who seems to be so well educated as you are.' I told her my story, showed her the grave clay on my child's hands, but she turned up her nose and said that I ought to write stories. I came into the city and applied at the hospital, but they told me that the place was full. I tried to get work but no one wanted me. Last night I was arrested for merely walking along the street. Great God, cannot the starving mother walk on the street? Do you, sir, believe in a Redeemer?" "Yes, madam." "Yes, so do they all, and if He was here, foot sore and weary as He once was, they would arrest Him for walking on the street. I have lost my reason—I am mad. Don't turn away. I asked you for food. Ah, you believe in a Redeemer, and believing told me to move away from your gate." "Madame, I will give you food now." "Too late, I want no food." "But your child." She stretched forth her arms and placed the child on the judge's desk. It was dead.

Marmalade is now made from banana skins in Philadelphia. An enterprising Italian has opened a factory and employs about twenty Italian boys who gather the banana skins from the gutters and carry them to the factory, where they are washed, ground, and cooked with sugar and flavoring.

G. V. GILLIS,

dealer in

Drugs and Medicines

PAINTS, OILS.

FANCY GOODS, &C.

KANE PA.

The Best

Meat and Vegetable

MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST CLASS LINE OF

FAMILY GROCERIES

AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

A Full Line of

CANNED GOODS

Highest market price paid for Hides and Pelts

G. W. WILLIAMS.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH!!

The Oldest and Best Newspaper at the State Capital, and Republican in Politics.

IT CONTAINS

THE LATEST NEWS,
STORIES,
MARKET REPORTS,
MISCELLANEOUS READING,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,

and is mailed, postage prepaid, at the following

VERY LOW RATES:

Daily, per month	45 cts.
Daily, per year	$5 00
Weekly, per year	1 25
Weekly, to club of ten, each	1 00

Any person sending ten subscriptions will receive an extra copy one year, free of charge. All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

Address

H. W. McALARNEY, Manager,
Harrisburg, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, &c. An Instantaneous Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy.

Estey Organ Co.
Brattleboro Vt.
ESTEY
ESTEY ORGAN

When the word Estey or the word Organ is mentioned, they each suggest the other, so widely known and so popular are the instruments and the makers.

Five letters in each of the two words are reminders of enjoyment in multitudes of homes. Illustrated Catalogue mailed free to all applicants.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

COPYRIGHTED 1877
T. T. HAYDOCK FOR CARRIAGES & BUGGIES, PLUM & 12TH STS. CINCINNATI, O.

Illustrated by the use of a Buggy made by T. T. Haydock, which is not only the Leading Buggy in this picture, but THE LEADING BUGGY OF AMERICA. Has Haydock's Safety King Bolt and Fifth Wheel. Ask your dealer for the T. T. HAYDOCK BUGGY, with the Haydock Safety King Bolt and Fifth Wheel. Life is insecure riding over any other.

(This picture will be furnished on a large card, printed in elegant style, to anyone who will agree to frame it.)

[ENCLOSE STAMP.]

Send for Catalogue and Wholesale Price List.

T. T. HAYDOCK,
Cor. Plum and Twelfth Sts., CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS WANTED WHERE WE HAVE NONE! NO INVESTMENT SO PROFITABLE!

THE

REMINGTON

Sewing Machine,

LIKE THE

REMINGTON RIFLE,

UNEXCELLED BY ANY.

Sure to Give Satisfaction.

General Office, Ilion, N. Y.

New York Office, 283 Broadway.

Buying Agents Wanted.

COLEMAN

Business

NEWARK NEW JERSEY

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN

Hair Renewer.

Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has Hall's Hair Renewer. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

Has become one of the most important popular toilet articles for gentlemen's use. When the beard is gray or naturally of an undesirable shade, Buckingham's Dye is the remedy.

PREPARED BY

R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

Sold by all Druggists.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

EXECUTORS OF

THOS. R. FRISBEE

Estate, General Dealers in

DRY - GOODS,

GROCERIES.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Flour, Feed, Lumber & Shingles

CORYVILLE, McKean Co., Pa.

ISLAND HOME

Stock Farm,

Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Mich.

SAVAGE & FARNUM, PROPRIETORS.

—IMPORTED—

Percheron Horses.

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American stud books.

ISLAND HOME

Is beautifully situated at the head of Grosse Ile in the Detroit River, ten miles below the City, and is accessible by railroad and steamboat. Visitors not familiar with the location may call at city office, 82 Campau Building, and an escort will accompany them to the farm. Send for catalogue, free by mail. Address, Savage & Farnum, Detroit, Mich.

Good Pay for Agents. $100 to $200 per month made selling our Grand New History, Famous and Decisive Battles of the World. Write to J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

GO TO

ROONEY'S MARKET

Wholesale and Retail,

—FOR A—

Nice Piece of Meat

Fresh, Salt or Smoked,

—FOR—

FRESH & SALT FISH

—AND FOR ALL—

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

I will also pay the highest price for

STOCK AND HIDES

CALL AND SATISFY YOURSELF.

Nearly opposite Catholic church, Main st.

J. F. ROONEY.

THE

CHICAGO

COTTAGE

ORGAN

Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.

It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION,
UNEQUALLED FACILITIES,
SKILLED WORKMEN,
BEST MATERIAL,
COMBINED, MAKE THIS

THE POPULAR ORGAN

Instruction Books and Piano Stools.

Catalogues and Price Lists, on application, FREE.

The Chicago Cottage Organ Co.

Corner Randolph and Ann Streets,

CHICAGO, ILL.

LEGAL.

Court Proclamation.

THE HON. A. G. OLMSTED, PRESIDENT Judge, and the Hons. HENRY HAMLIN and P. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' and Court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Wednesday, Dec. 3d, 1884, and to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Tuesday, the 3d day of Feb'y 1885, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Jan. 20th 1885, and in the 109th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Court Proclamation

The Hon. A. G. OLMSTED President Judge, and the Hons. H. HAMLIN and P. M. FULLER, Associate Judges of the court of oyer and terminer and general jail delivery, quarter sessions of the peace, orphans' and court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean, have issued their precept, bearing date Wednesday, Dec. 3d, 1884, and to me directed, for holding a court of common pleas, at the borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 9th day of Feb'y., 1885, and to continue one week.

Dated at Smethport, Jan. 20th, 1885, and in the 109th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

List of Traverse Jurors

Drawn in the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, to be summoned for the 2d Monday of February, 1885.

Avery, E. L.—Bradford city.
Brown, Richard—Bradford township.
Beacom, J. W.—Lafayette.
Buttry, J. W.—Bradford township.
Bassett, R. S.—Dallas.
Bartholomew, C.—Bradford city.
Bishop, S. A.—Smethport.
Clark, A. W.—Otto.
Case, E. B.—Bolivar Run.
Dolley, Izates—Liberty.
Faint, J. B.—Bradford city.
Freeman, J. J.—Bradford city.
Folwell, J. W.—Summit.
Gardineer, Charles—Bradford city.
Hodges, J. S.—Annin.
Hays, S. R.—Eldred.
Hafner, Wm.—Hamlin.
Hardie, Mark—Lafayette.
Kemp, M. A.—Coleville.
Lavery, Barney—Bradford city.
McPherson, E. S.—Bradford city.
McNally, Thomas—Eldred borough.
McGill, Edward, Jr.—Keating.
Newton, George—Lafayette.
Nolan, Wm.—Bradford city.
Norman, Aug.—Wetmore.
Phalen, James—Ceres.
Parkhurst, Grant—Bradford city.
Prentice, A.—Prentissvale.
Rankins, Joseph—Summit.
Simpson, Darius—Annin.
Tait, L. D.—Annin.
Turner, W. P.—Oil Valley.
Walker, Asa—Derrick.
Ward, Willard—Bradford city.
Wood, Samuel,—Custer.

D. E. PATTISON, Jury Coms.
E. F. CLARK,
A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest: JNO. R. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1885.

Trial List

FOR SECOND MONDAY OF FEBRUARY 1885.

1. R. S. Battles vs George B. Anderson. No 780 Oct term 1881. Feigned issue. Plea—Payment with leave to give special matters in evidence.
2. Anchor Petroleum Company vs Kendall & Eldred Railroad Company. No 271 Feb'y term 1882. Case. Plea—Not guilty.
3. Anchor Petroleum Co vs Kendall & Eldred Railroad Co. No 272 Feb'y term 1882. Case. Plea—Not guilty.
4. Alexander & Fulton vs Joseph Kilgore, J. J. Bell. No 320 Feb'y term 1882. Trespass on the case in assumpsit. Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment set off with leave to offer special matter in evidence.
5. Sterrett & Hamlin vs Joseph Erhman, A. Leo Weil, assignee. No 472 Feb'y term 1882. Replevin.
6. Hannah Forbes vs Summit Barkus. No 14 May term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Non-assumpsit infra sex annos.
7. C. H. Foster vs R. T. Borckman. No 70 May term 1882. Trespass on the case in assumpsit. Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment set off with leave etc.
8. W. L. Christman vs Bradford, Richburg & Cuba R. R. Co. No 71 May term 1882. Appeal from award of viewers. Plea—Not guilty.
9. H. S. Southard vs H. C. Johnson, Wm Johnson and Jos Kittinger, doing business as Johnson & Kittinger. No 228 May term 1882. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment set off with leave etc.
10. R. Jennings and Edward Jennings, doing business as R. Jennings & Son vs the Olean, Bradford & Warren R. R. Co. No 379 May term 1882. Case. Plea—Not guilty.
11. H. S. Southard vs Jos Kittinger, George Kuppen and others, as Bamboo Oil Co. No 97 Sept term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
12. Jonathan M. Dake, Moses W. Dake and Charles M. Dake, co-partners as J. M. and C. M. Dake & Co vs Myron A. Harmon, A. N. McFall, M. S. Davidson, H. G. Spaller, Orville Titus, S. H. Smith, H. H. Charles, E. J. Walker, P. H. Garrity, Jerome Sabins and E. S. Hudson, doing business as Home Enterprise Oil and Gas Co. Limited. No 91 Sept term 1882. Assumpsit. Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment with leave etc., and set off.
13. M. S. Moore vs Kittanning Insurance Co. No 283 Sept term 1882. Trespass on the case in assumpsit. Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment with leave etc., and set off.
14. O. Brien & Stickney vs W. Doe. No 240 Sept term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
15. Wm Hunt use of Wm F. Correy now for use of S. P. Fassett vs A. C. Scott. No 330 Sept term 1882. Judgment opened. Plea—Payment with leave etc.
16. Charles Dow and Rollin Dow, doing business as Dow Bros vs H. C. Crawford. No 470 Sept term 1882. Replevin. Plea—Non-cepit and property in defendant.
17. J. B. Gleason vs S. N. Smith and H. A. Rose, late co-partners as Smith & Rose. No 606 Sept term 1882. Case in assumpsit and judgment opened. Plea—Non-assumpsit, payment with leave etc., and special plea for H. A. Rose.
18. S. D. Parker, Rodi Byram, John Cowles, J. H. Windsor and G. W. Windsor vs Alvin Hooker. No 743 Sept term 1882. Ejectment for 3 and 44-100 acres of land in Eldred township. Plea—Not guilty.
19. S. D. Freeman vs Wm Ramer. No 845 Sept term 1882. Trespass on the case, upon promises. Plea—Non-assumpsit, set off, payment with leave etc.
20. Tinker & Duncan vs J. W. Ruble bail of Thomas McGoldrick and Ellen McGoldrick. No 44 Dec term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
21. Holden Bros vs J. S. Barlow. No 52 Dec term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
22. James Fox vs J. C. Fox and S. B. Roter, partners as Fox & Roter. No 55 Dec term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
23. W. H. Staley and W. H. Nicholson vs A. T. Newell. No 58 Dec term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
24. R. T. Bissett administrator of estate of James Bissett vs Joseph Morton. No 70 Dec term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.
25. W. B. Roberts and E. T. Roberts, doing business as W. B. Roberts & Son vs R. T. Borckman. No 22 Dec term 1882. Appeal. Plea—Nil Debit.

J. M. McELROY, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 10th, 1885.

Notice.

In the matter of the petition of William Wood Kane, for change of name. In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa. No. 210, Feb'y Term, 1885.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a Court of Common Pleas held at Smethport, in the county of McKean, Pa., on the 20th day of January, A. D. 1885, on petition therefor, the Court ordered and decreed the name of William Wood Kane, of said county, be changed to that of Thomas Leiper Kane.

J. M. McELROY, Prothonotary.
H. P. BRAWLEY, Dep'y Proth'y.
Smethport, Pa., Jan'y 20th, 1885.—1-4.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 473, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie A. Wagner, by her next friend O. F. Drake did, on the 2d day of Sept. 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John P. Wagner,

We therefore command you, the said John P. Wagner, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said Nellie A. Wagner and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie A. Wagner your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 20, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest:
E. R. Mayo, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 273, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Samuel C. Lawson did, on the 31 day of July 1884, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Mary E. Lawson,

We therefore command you, the said Mary E. Lawson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Samuel C. Lawson and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Samuel C. Lawson your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 20, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest:
Reeves & Wilson, Att'ys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 600, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, George H. Harnden did, on the 2nd day of Sept. 1884, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Carrie P. Harnden,

We therefore command you, the said Carrie P. Harnden, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said George H. Harnden and to show cause, if any you have, why the said George H. Harnden your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 20, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest:
E. Koester, Att'y.

LEGAL.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 66, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting.

Whereas, J. P. McQuiston, did, on the 20th day of May, 1884, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Kate F. McQuiston,

We therefore command you, the said Kate F. McQuiston, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said J. P. McQuiston, and show cause if any you have, why the said J. P. McQuiston your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Jan'y 20, 1885.

Herein fail not.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest:
E. Koester, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 438, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Angeline Ritchey by her next friend Jno. Blakeley did on the 16th day of July 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Albert F. Ritchey,

We therefore command you, the said Albert F. Ritchey, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Angeline Ritchey, and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Angeline Ritchey, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 20, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest:
W. W. Mason, Att'y.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 72, May. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Minnie Sanderson, by her next friend R. B. Barnes, did on the 5th day of March, 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, J. R. Sanderson,

We therefore command you, the said J. R. Sanderson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the Fourth Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Minnie Sanderson and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Minnie Sanderson your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 20, 1885.

A. F. BANNON Sheriff.

Attest:
C. J. Curtis, Att'y

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 80, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Jane Elizabeth Briggs, by her next friend F. J. Koester did, on the 26th day of May 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles W. Briggs,

We therefore, command you, the said Chas. W. Briggs, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 4th Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Jane Elizabeth Briggs and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Jane Elizabeth Briggs your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not. Jan'y 20, 1885.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest.
E. Koester, Att'y

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 465, Oct. Term, 1884.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Hattie A. Forbes by her next friend Seymour H. Marshall did, on the 2d day of Sept. 1884, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, George W. Forbes.

We therefore command you, the said Geo. W. Forbes, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of Feb'y next, to answer the petition or libel of said Hattie A. Forbes and show cause, if any you have, why the said Hattie A. Forbes, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Jan'y 20, 1885.

Herein fail not.

A. F. BANNON, Sheriff.

Attest:
Wolf & George, Att'ys.

Property Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the personal property hereinafter mentioned, to-wit:

One team of bay mares,
One team of horses, one bay and one chestnut,
One roan horse,
One bay mare,
One team of bay horses,
One red cow,

A lot of sleds, wagons, harness, boats, chains, tools, hay and feed, and other equipments used by James Landrigan on the job of the Ridgway Lumber Company, Limited, is the property of said Ridgway Lumber Company Limited, and is left in the possession of said James Landrigan for a limited time only. All persons are hereby notified not to meddle or interfere with said property, except by the consent of said Ridgway Lumber Company Limited.

RIDGWAY LUMBER CO. LIMITED.
B. E. CARTWRIGHT, Supt.
Ridgway, Pa., Sept. 30, 1884. 41-4t.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on January 26th, 1885, by John T. Griffith, Alexander Y. Jones, August Peterson, Edward J. Collins, William F. Blew, and Elisha K. Kane, under the Act of Assembly, entitled, "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called Kane Dwelling House Company, the character and object of which are to erect dwelling houses in the village of Kane, and to rent or sell the same and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

-36-4t. ELISHA K. KANE.

Timber Land For Sale.

The subscriber will sell at a bargain, 200 acres of heavily timbered (principally hemlock) land, situated on Marvin Creek, at mouth of Wild Cat Run, about 8 miles from Smethport, the county seat of McKean county, Pa.

Address, JOHN LILLY, Mankato, Minn.
Jan. 2-3m.

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL concerned that the partnership lately subsisting between F. A. Smith, F. E. Woolley and C. Foley, as Smith & Woolley, was dissolved Dec. 1st, 1884, by mutual consent, F. E. Woolley retiring and the business to be continued by F. A. Smith and C. Foley, as Smith & Foley, to whom all accounts are payable and by whom all debts will be paid.

CARROLL FOLEY,
F. A. SMITH,
F. E. WOOLLEY.

Bradford, Pa., Dec. 29, 1884.—4-4.

SMETHPORT

BAKERY AND GROCERY

☞ A fine variety of Baking constantly on hand.

☞ Always a fine variety of Confectionery.

☞ As fine a variety of Teas and Coffees as can be found in the city, and as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ Butter, Eggs and Cheese constantly on hand, and goods sold cheap for cash.

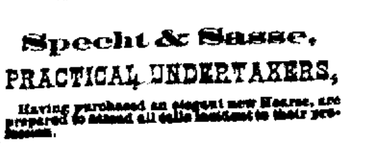
☞ I am constantly adding Groceries to my stock, which I sell as cheap as can be had in the city.

☞ Give me a call and be convinced.

☞ Goods delivered free to any part of the city.

GEO. E. WOOD, Agt.

Mechanic street, below Wright House. 39-1y



Specht & Sasse,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKERS,

Having purchased an elegant new Hearse, are prepared to attend all calls incident to their profession.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhœa, a languid, weary feeling and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver and biliary organs, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and opens the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

Health is Wealth!

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

THOMPSON & WOOD, Druggists,
BRADFORD, PA.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head, Allays Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. A quick Relief. A Positive Cure.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents by mail or at Druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions. HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

For sale by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport, Pa.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

(Continued from First Page.)

cause. What cared I for politics, foreign news, or money market intelligence? Here was the one paragraph which riveted all my attention. The white tomb had given up its secret! Read! To me those words were written in letters of fire!

"HORRIBLE DISCOVERY NEAR EPSOM.—The melting of the snow has brought to light what to all appearances is a fearful crime. Yesterday afternoon a laborer walking on the highway discovered the body of a gentleman lying by the roadside. His death had been caused by a pistol shot. It is supposed that it must have occurred on the night of the great snow storm, and that the body has lain ever since under the snow, which had drifted to the depth of some feet. The facts that death must have been instantaneous, and that no weapon can be found near the spot, do away with the theory of suicide. Letters and papers found upon the corpse tend to show it to be that of Sir Mervyn Ferrand, Bart. The unfortunate gentleman's friends have been communicated with, and the inquest will be opened tomorrow."

For some minutes I sat like one stunned. Inevitable as it was that the discovery should be made, the shock seemed scarcely lightened by the foreknowledge, the danger seemed no less terrible. Oh, that we had started yesterday—were even to start to-day! What might not happen before to-morrow morning? My first impulse was to go to my mother and beg her to hasten our departure, but reflection showed me how unwise this course would be. I should alarm her, alarm Philippa! I could give no reason. My one thing was to keep the news from my poor love. Let her read that paragraph, and who could answer for the consequences? Looking as a medical man at her case, I knew that there was something about that night which troubled her, some dream, or semblance of dream, to which, fortunately, she could as yet give no coherence. Let her learn that Sir Mervyn Ferrand had on that night been lying dead where she must have passed him, the fearful truth must come to her. Not a word [illegible] pass. My task was a twofold one. I had to save her not only from what I suppose I must call justice, I had also to save her from herself. It seemed to me that the latter was the harder part of my work. But I would do it—I swore I would do it. I would keep watch and ward, to see that nothing reached her that [illegible] mention of the [illegible] almost hourly.

I tore the paper to pieces and burned it. I think of all my dark days that one was the one I would be least willing to pass again. I started at every footstep on the stairs. Any man who paused for a moment outside our window sent a cold chill over me. And in the midst of my misery I had to wear a cheerful face and talk to Philippa and my mother about the pleasures of our projected journey! And if we only reached the end of it in safety the pleasures would not be altogether imaginary.

Once again I say, if you cannot feel with me, throw my tale aside. Heaven knows it is a sombre one! I was breaking the law, concealing what the law calls a crime, shielding all I could from the criminal. But the criminal was Philippa, and I loved her! I myself would have stood face to face with Sir Mervyn Ferrand and have freely given my own life if I could have ensured his dying like the dog he was. Why then should I blame Philippa, who had done in her temporary madness what I would have done in cold blood? Yet why trouble to extenuate? I loved her! These words sum up everything.

The morning dawned. No fatal messenger had arrived. I glanced hastily at the papers, which, however, contained no more information about the tragedy. Shortly after ten o'clock we started to drive to Charing Cross. The rattle of wheels over the stones seemed to send fresh life through my veins. We were on the road to safety.

I called to call at my banker's on the way.

We started in plenty of time, as I wished to call at my banker's on the way. It was my intention to take with me a large amount in gold. Notes of any kind could be traced, but the bright sovereigns would tell no tale. I changed my check, and while doing so asked if there were any letters for me. Several persons [illegible] letters to me at my banker's. The spruce cashier sent to inquire, and with my bag of gold I passed under the brass wire railing a letter with a woman's handwriting on the envelope. I thrust it into my pocket to read at my leisure.

We travelled by the tidal train for Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne. It was not the pleasantest weather in the world for a journey, but I wrapped my charges up warmly and did all I could to mitigate the hardships of the voyage, undertaken ostensibly for the sake of my health. My mother was a woman of some experience and a good traveler, and settled herself down to the journey, although she little guessed how short the rest I meant to give her until we reached our destination. She laughingly protested against the cruelty of dragging an old woman like herself away from England just as she had returned to it, but there was that in her voice and manner which told me she would for my sake make a far greater sacrifice of comfort than this.

I thought Philippa's spirits, like mine, rose as we left London behind us. She smiled at my sallies and feeble attempts at making merry, which, now that we were fairly on our road to safety, were not quite so forced as they had been during the last few days. She listened with interest to the pictures I drew—imaginary ones, of course—of the beauties of the south, and I was glad to believe that the thought of visiting what might almost be called her native land was beginning to awaken her interest. Only let me be able to show her that life could still promise a pleasant future, and the misty memories of the past months might be banished forever.

I am sure that no one who could have seen us that morning would have dreamed that one of that party of three, consisting of a comfortable, pleasant looking English matron, a strangely beautiful girl and myself, were flying from the hands of justice. Our appearance was certainly such as to disarm all suspicion.

"But where are we going?" asked my mother. "I object to go wandering about without knowing where our pilgrimage is to end."

"We are going to Paris first, then to Spain—to wherever we can find the warmth and sunshine which is necessary to my existence. If we can't find them in Spain, we will cross over to Africa, and, if needful, go down to the Equator."

"Then you young people will have to go alone. I draw the line of my good nature at Europe."

I glanced at Philippa. Her long curved lashes hid her eyes, but a delicate blush was on her cheek. I knew that the day was not so very distant when she would answer my appeal as I wished. I knew that, could I but sweep away the record of that one night, all might yet be well with her. Oh that she may never recall what I alone know!

As we were nearing Folkestone I remembered the letter which had been given me at the bank. I drew it from my breast, intending to read it, but the sight of the Ridding postmark on the outside made me change my intention. I remembered Mrs. Wilson's half promise to send me some communication. I longed and yet I dreaded to break the seal. I felt it would be better for me to read that letter alone. Whatever might be the nature of the contents, I was sure it had some bearing on Philippa's relations with Sir Mervyn Ferrand.

We were soon on board the steamer and under way. Although the Arctic rigors of the last three weeks had departed, the air on the sea was too keen to make the channel passage an enjoyable one. I persuaded my mother and Philippa to take refuge in the saloon, and then I found a quiet spot where I was able to read my letter without fear of prying eyes or of betraying myself by the emotion its contents might cause. It was well I did so for the first words blanched my cheek. The letter began abruptly, etc:

"I know or guess all. I know why Sir Mervyn Ferrand did not reach my house that night. I know the reason for her strange excited state. I know why she left my house before you came to seek her. I know how he met with the death he deserved.

"Ah! she is braver than I am. She has done what years ago I swore I would do; and yet I had not the courage. I was base enough to forego revenge for the sake of the beggarly maintenance he offered me—for the sake, perhaps, of my children. I sank low enough to become his tool—to do as he bade me, even to taking under my roof the woman who thought herself his wife. Yes, she has been braver than I. But her wrongs were greater than mine, for I had but myself to blame for being in such a degraded position that he could throw me aside like an old glove. He never married me.

"Fear nothing for your sister, if she be your sister. Tell her my lips are sealed to the death, and for the sake of her honor yet tell her this:

"Sir Mervyn Ferrand's first wife died on the 19th of June, 18—, three months before the day on which he married your sister. She lived at Liverpool, at No. 5 Silver street. She was buried in the cemetery under the name of Lucy Ferrand. She has friends alive. It will be easy to prove that she was the woman whom he married. Her maiden name was King. He hated her. They parted. He gave her a sum of money on condition that she never called herself his wife. He lost sight of her. I never did. For years I hoped she would die, and that he would marry me. She died too late for the hope to be realized. I told him of her death, but I changed the date. I would not tell him where she died. Part of his object in coming to Ridding that night was to endeavor to wring the information from me. He would never have had it. No other woman should have been his wife so long as I could keep it.

"Now that he is dead, you can tell your brave sister that she may, if she likes, take the name, title and what wealth she can claim. Fear nothing from me. I will be silent as death."

CHAPTER VIII.

FLIGHT.

I read the woman's letter again and again—read it with feelings in which joy and disgust were strangely mingled, but the former was the predominant sensation. In the first place, if Mrs. Wilson kept her promise of secrecy, it seemed to me that all danger of suspicion falling upon Philippa was removed. There would be no one else to make known the fact that upon the night of Sir Mervyn's death a wronged, distracted woman left her home—a woman whose life's happiness had been clouded by the villain's treacherous act, a woman of strong passions, who in her temporary delirium might easily be aroused to take such vengeance for wrongs as [illegible] hold her quite unaccountable. If I could but feel sure of the silence of the one person whom I dreaded, we might even return to London, and fear nothing. I wavered. After all there is something contemptible in flight. Should I trust to Mrs. Wilson's promise, and return with my companions by the next boat from Boulogne?

No, a thousand times no! Philippa's welfare is far too precious to me to be trusted in the hands of one excitable woman—a woman moreover who has wrongs of her own calling for vengeance. To-morrow her mind may change and instead of furthering our safety she may be urging on the pursuit. Let me trust no one save myself!

For my love's sake, I was overjoyed to hear that, supposing the woman's statement and date were correct, Philippa was the dead man's lawful wife. Not that this fact for one moment palliated the guilt of his intention, or lessened the contempt and hatred I bore towards him; not that it changed in my eyes by one iota my love's position. Married or unmarried, to me she was all that a woman could be. Though a blackguard's craft had wrought what would be her shame in the eyes of the world; though her hands were unconsciously red with a man's blood, to me she was as pure as a vestal, innocent as a child.

Yet for her sake the news gladdened me. I knew that if ever the time should come when I could place proofs in her hands that she was a wife—that she could, if she chose, bear her worthless husband's name, and face the world without fear of scorn—the restoration of her self respect would bring with it a joy which only a woman can rightly comprehend. And Philippa, with all her pride and passion, was a true woman, full of the softness and delicate dread of shame which characterizes the best of her sex.

Yet when should I be able to tell her? Whenever I did so I must also reveal the fact of her husband's being dead, and my doing so must bring the whole story of his death to her knowledge. I trembled as I thought what this might mean. Surely its dramatic surroundings must suggest something to her mind—must bring back the night and its horrors, must, in fact, tell her what she had done in her madness! Rather than risk this I must let her continue to bear the cruel weight of what she thought her shame. My aim must be to make her believe that Sir Mervyn Ferrand is still alive and troubling nothing as to what has become of the woman whom he once falsely swore to love and cherish until death. I cursed the wretch's memory as I thought of him.

The sending of Philippa to live under the charge of one of his own discarded mistresses was but another proof of the man's revolting character. Mrs. Wilson's acceptance of the charge showed me to what a level a woman could sink. It told me moreover, that in spite of her letter she was not to be trusted. A woman who could lend herself to her former lover's purposes in such a way as that must have parted with every atom of pride. It seemed to me that the woman and the man were well matched in baseness.

Still her letter lifted a load from my mind. I felt that for awhile there could be no pursuit, yet I resolved to risk nothing, but hurry on with all possible speed. Only when we crossed the frontier of Spain could I sleep in peace.

All researches, with a view to obtaining evidence of the first Lady Ferrand's death, I postponed indefinitely. Some day if all went well, I would return to England and procure the documents necessary to prove the validity of Philippa's marriage. There was no pressing hurry. As to any money which should be hers, never with my consent should she touch a penny which had belonged to the dead man.

I instructed as my meditations were on paper, they were a reality much longer indeed; they were not at an end when the boat steamed into Boulogne harbor. I went in search of my companions, who, I was glad to find, had borne the voyage well. We were soon in the train, and, without any events occurring worth recording, at eight o'clock stood at the Gare du Nord, Paris.

We drove through the brightly lit streets to the Hotel du Louvre. The stains of travel washed away, my mother gave a sigh of satisfaction as she seated herself at the dinner table. Like a sensible woman, she was no despiser of the good things of this life. There were other late diners in the great coffee room, and many a head was turned to look at the beautiful girl who sat on my right hand, for every day which brought her new health and strength brought also to my love an installment of her former beauty. In a very short time she would be to all appearance the Philippa of old.

"How long shall we stay in Paris, Basil?" asked my mother.

"It is now half-past nine, our train starts at 8:45 in the morning. Calculate the time."

"Oh, nonsense! It is years since I have been in Paris. I want to look at the shops. So does Philippa, I am sure."

"My dear mother, the man, much more the woman, who lingers in Paris is lost. If you are going elsewhere the only way is to go straight through, or else you get no further. I have proved this, and mean to run no risk."

"But remember we are only weak women. That poor child is far from strong."

She smiled at Philippa, whose eyes thanked her for the affectionate appellation.

"Don't be merciless, Basil," she continued, "give us at least one day."

"Not one. I am just going to look after a courier so that you may travel in all possible comfort."

My mother seemed almost annoyed, and again said I was merciless. What would she have said had she known that, unless I had received that letter, instead of going to our present comfortable quarters we should have driven to the Orleans railway, and taken the first train to the south? How little she knew—how little, I trusted, Philippa knew—from what we were flying!

I felt I must give my mother some reason for my haste, so, before going in quest of my courier, I took her aside.

"It is not well for Philippa to stay in Paris," I said, "because one whom she ought not to meet was here a short time ago."

I blamed myself for the deception. But what could I do? Alas, it seemed to me that my life, which once was fearlessly open to the inspection of all, was now full of little else save deceptions. Should I ever again be my true self?

My mother raised no further objection. I found a courier—a bearded gentleman of commanding presence, who spoke every European language with impartial perfection. I gave him instructions as to everything next morning, to collect our luggage, save the small quantity we carried with us, and to register it through to Burgos. I had no particular reason for choosing Burgos, but it seemed a convenient place at which [illegible]

(To be Continued.)

A Fasting Girl.

In Cincinnati a sixteen-year-old girl recently died after a fast of fifty-two days. She had been attacked by something like paralysis which rendered it impossible for her to take nourishment. The human system cannot thrive without good food and good ability to digest it. Weak and impaired digestion is rectified by Brown's Iron Bitters—better than any other tonic in the world. Mr. J. E. Freeberg, Pocaroy, Ill., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and poor appetite, completely cured me." It will cure you.

PAPER is taking the place of cedar in the manufacture of lead pencils.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—

"For twelve years!"

After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop Bitters;"

And I am perfectly cured. I keep it "All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them. MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters and it done me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength. The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

New South Wales produced 35,220,640 pounds of sugar last year.

WHERE THE FIRE IS OUT

Magic no More a Mystery—Seen From Across the World.

"Haroun of Aleppo," said Sir Philip Derval, "had mastered every secret in nature which the nature magic seeks to fathom. He discovered that the true art in healing is to assist nature to throw off the disease—to summon as it were the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. His processes all included the reinvigoration of the principal of life."

In this the eastern sage merely anticipated the practice of the best physicians of to-day. What life itself is, nobody knew then—nobody knows now. But we have fear of something of the reason why the mysterious fires goes and fails. Provided the vital organs of the body are not irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adheres to the barbarous and stupid processes of depletion, such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to cure disease by reducing the patient's ability to resist it. Now a days we try not to tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strengthen it.

In this intelligent and beneficent work, it is conceded that PARKER'S TONIC leads all other medicines. As an invigorant, it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of digestion, thus giving nature the assistance she calls for. It follows that all ailments of the stomach, kidneys and liver are at once relieved or cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces similar results. It is delicious to use and the best and safest stimulant. Price 50c. and $1. Hiscox & Co., New York.

GEN. GRANT since his illness has taken a more serious turn, smokes but three cigars a week.

New Testimonials of Dennis Remedies.

DEAR SIR—I hereby testify that before I commenced using your Blood Liver and Kidney Cure, about three months since, my nervous system was completely prostrated and I find that it is all that I could ask for my case. Mrs. J. R. Shoemaker, Smethport, Pa. Sept. 25th 1884.

The above testimony is one of hundreds that I get in every direction where I go for the article referred to and the full list of my goods, such as The Great Panacea, Dennis Superior Cough Syrup, Balm of Gilead Salve, etc. Price 25 cts. Each for sale by E. B. McCoy, Smethport, Pa., and also by the Proprietor and manufacturer formerly of Prentiss Vale.

U. S. Dennis, Eldred, Pa.

ASSOCIATE with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to thy skirts.

$50 goes if Centaurine fails to help or cure the worst cases of corks, scratches, sore necks or wounds of any kind on horse or man. Sold by W. T. Callar. Price 50 cts.

[illegible] Senator Cameron will be met at Philippi in 1890.

Why waste Time and Money

On that which does no good. Your children have worms and are cross, always hungry, sleepless, puny and weak from the presence of worms in the stomach which prevents the food being taken up to nourish the body. Parmelee's Santonine Worm Candies will dissolve and remove the worms and then all will be well. You cannot do better by your children than to attend to their health. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

VELVET flowers on gauze are the latest fancy in tall dress fabrics.

At Home and Abroad.

At church and theatre, in the counting house and work room, in fact every where is heard that hacking cough which soon develops into congestion or inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption. Be wise in time. Immediate relief and cure can be cheaply obtained. Hamilton's Cough Balsam will surely give you relief from these throat and lung troubles that often terminate in death. Instant relief in croup, and a subduer of whooping cough. Your consumptive friend will be greatly benefited. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

THERE is a revival of French taste for mirrors in artistic interiors.

Mr Gough on Silk Hats.

"It would be no violation of the commandment," said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye. Beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50 cents. All druggists.

SILVER spangled tulle is a much admired tissue for ball dresses.

THAT hacking cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it.

WILL you suffer with dyspepsia and liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you.

SLEEPLESS nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you.

CATARRH cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free.

FOR lame back, side or chest use Shiloh's porous plaster. Price 25 cents.

SHILOH'S cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption.

SHILOH'S vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle.

CROUP, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, Pa.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

TONE up the system by Shedd's Little Mandrake Pills. They cure headache and regulate the blood.

NONE but bride's wear white gloves.

THE sun shines for all, so does Shedd's Excelsior Cough Syrup. Physicians recommend it. Only 25 cents a bottle.

GOLD ornaments are no longer in vogue.

MY physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomited greenish mucous, skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me.—Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 372 Exchange st., Buffalo, N. Y.

BLACK lace dresses are worn at balls and parties.

FOR colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis and sore throat use Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil and get the genuine.

FUR trimmed cloth suits are the correct wear for January.

BEEF! beef! beef! There is nothing like fine roast beef for the table, but to be good it must be fat, and the correct thing to make it fat is Day's Horse and Cattle Powder. Price 25 c., a package.

IT is said of an old physician in Philadelphia, when called upon to prescribe for a cough or cold, that he invariably refuses to do so, but recommends his patients to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

EVENING shoes are of the color of the dress or golden bronze.

AYER'S Pills cure constipation, improve the appetite, promote digestion, restore healthy action, and regulate every function. They are pleasant to take, and gentle in their operation, yet thorough, searching, and powerful in subduing disease.

CHINCHILLA is the correct fur to put on gray satin garments.

CHRONIC CATARRH.—I have suffered for years from chronic catarrh. Six weeks ago I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm. Relief was instant, and continued use has resulted in an almost complete cure.—S. M. Greene, book keeper, Catskill, N. Y.

Was afflicted with catarrh and cold in the head. I tried many remedies without any beneficial effects, at last I used Ely's Cream Balm which effectually cured me.—B. F. M. Weeks, Denver, Col. Price 50 cents.

As if by Magic

Joseph Oil cures cuts, wounds, bruises or sprains, and all rheumatic difficulties yield at once to its soothing virtues.

Eating and Starving

It is all the same for you are sure to suffer from piles. No worse torture can be conceived. Blind or itching piles are unequaled for annoyance but by a few applications of Parmelee's Pile Suppositories they entirely disappear. The knife is often resorted to by physicians for the removal of protruding piles, but such barbarity is not a necessity. For Parmelee's Pile Suppositories used according to directions quickly reduce, replace and drive them away. Warranted to cure. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

The Throat

Is often diseased on account of catarrh, producing dryness and a constant desire to cough. That tickling sensation and the hoarseness that is so common to public singers and speakers especially, is relieved at once by Hamilton's Cough Troches which are prepared from the most approved formula. Do not wait till acute bronchitis or even consumption takes hold of you. Price only 25 cents per box. Sold by A. B. Armstrong and E. B. McCoy.

Dentists Looking for a Job

With a bottle of Joseph's Oil in the house you need not suffer with toothache. A little of the oil on cotton instantly relieves the pain.

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore throat, Hoarseness. Troches 15 c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Rats," clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by "Well's Health Renewer."

Ask for Well's "Rough on Corns," 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porous Plaster strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Thin People. "Well's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, debility. $1.

Whooping Cough and the many throat affections of children, promptly, pleasantly and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

Mothers, if you are failing, broken worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver. If you are losing your grip on life, try "Well's Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25c.

Pretty Women. Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

Catarrhal throat affections, hacking coughs, colds, sore throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15 c. Liquid 25c.

"Rough on Itch," cures humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

Wide awake three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Well's "Rough on Coughs." Troches 15c. Balsam 25c.

A Contest of Acuteness.

[S. K. in Brooklyn Eagle.]

Then there are many reporters whose stock in trade is adaptability to circumstances. Each person they are sent to interview needs different treatment on account of disposition or indisposition, or the circumstances surrounding the case. These adaptative reporters are naturally quiet, suave men, with keen eyes and tenacious memories. They will stand anything or go any place, as long as they get the interviews they are seeking. They go at candidates frankly, telling just what they want to know because they are aware that the candidate will be willing to talk, but when interviewing the president of a bank or company, the matter is different. If anything crooked has been done at all the officials bend every effort to conceal the facts. They don't want to talk, and will deceive to as great an extent as possible.

The interviewer therefore will have to arm himself with a lot of information from official statistics and also from those who are familiar with the way in which the corporation in question did business and in what transactions it has been most largely involved. Putting this and that together the interviewer approaches the gentleman to be interviewed with a tolerably thorough knowledge of just how the company or corporation stands. When they sit down and talk it is like a game of chess. Each question is a move to be met by an answer which will be a reply and yet not give any information. This is very enjoyable, because it is exciting and stimulating. It is a contest of acuteness. The interviewed must answer the questions. If he refuses to do this he knows his refusal will be printed and the public will weigh it against him, while if he lies he will be found out.

Some men if placed in this position throw themselves on the mercy of the reporter and tell him all they know, ejaculating every few minutes the statement that all is said in confidence. This is an injustice to the reporter, whose information is being gathered, not for his own edification, but for the instruction of the readers of his paper and, of course, the adjuration to secrecy is disregarded. Another kind of men will utterly refuse to be interviewed at all, and still another will sit down and begin the diamond-cut-diamond fight, which comprises the interview with a sharp business man who is talking against his will.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

[Puck.]

The farmer is busy threshing;
I heard the muffled blows,
And also the fellow yelling
Who gets the flail on the toes.

I heard the partridge drumming
Among the beeches dense,
And I see the chipmunk running
Along the old rail-fence.

And out in the russet stubble
The quail doth sweetly pipe,
And upon the breakfast table
The old slapjack is ripe.

Artificial Ball Lightning.

[Scientific Miscellany.]

One of the most remarkable of electrical manifestations is that known as globular or ball lightning, which is so rare that physicists have had little opportunity of studying it. A similar phenomenon however, has been produced in the laboratory on a small scale. It has been caused accidentally on various occasions, and on having a piece of apparatus destroyed by one of the discharges, Mons. Plante, the well known French electrician, has been led to experiments in which a successful imitation of ball lightning has evidently been obtained. With a powerful current from secondary batteries he has produced in an air condenser, formed of two moistened pads of filter paper placed near together, a small incandescent globule, lasting some minutes and moving slowly in a curious and most erratic path. When a condenser was used in which the insulating material was ebonite a sound was emitted like that of a toothed wheel rapidly rotated against a piece of card board.

A Bird in the Hand.

[Detroit Post.]

"Well," he said to the minister at the conclusion of the ceremony, "how much do I owe you?"

"Oh! I'll leave that to you," was the reply, "you can better estimate the value of the services rendered."

"Suppose we postpone settlement, then, say for one year. By that time I know whether I ought to give you $100 or nothing."

"No, no," said the clergyman, who is a married man himself, "make it $3 now."

E. B. McCOY,
Druggist & Pharmacist
No. 34 Main Street,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always on Hand.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded Night or Day.

An Electric night bell connected with sleeping room gives special facilities for night calls.

STEWART'S IRON FIBRE PAINT AND CEMENT
COLORS RED AND BROWN
All Ready for Use

For painting buildings, fences, bridges, roofs, &c., and for repairing and preserving roofs of all kinds. Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

WM. H. STEWART,
74 Courtlandt St., New York.

25-1m

SWEET WORM POWDERS

A hacking cough, itching of the nose, grinding of the teeth are caused by worms. Use

SWEET WORM POWDERS

Sleepless nights, convulsions and straightening out of the limbs in children are caused by worms. Use

SWEET WORM POWDERS

They are a sure and safe remedy for the cure of worms in adults and children. Try them.

SWEET WORM POWDERS

The most pleasant and easy remedy to take with the best results are

SWEET WORM POWDERS

They have been on the market for fifteen years and have always given satisfaction in every case. Try the

SWEET WORM POWDERS.

When your druggist offers you anything else do not take it but make him send and get

E. K. THOMPSON'S
SWEET WORM POWDERS.

Prepared at Titusville, Pa. Price 25c. Sent to any postoffice address on receipt of 25 cents.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headache, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c. [illegible] in quantity at half the price, 8 oz. 25 cts. Pints [illegible] cents. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU

Valuable in the cure of ulcerations and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, [illegible] whites, dropsy, [illegible] $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY, 64 Courtlandt St., N. Y.

38-1m

Steam Engines, Clay and Ore Pans, Hoist ing Engines and Machinery. Specialty. Second hand Engines and Boilers on hand. [illegible] THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny City.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

O. Langell's Asthma and Catarrh Remedy.

Having struggled 20 years between life and death with ASTHMA or PHTHISIC, treated by eminent physicians, and receiving no benefit, I was compelled during the last 5 years of my illness to sit on my chair day and night gasping for breath; my sufferings were beyond description. In despair I experimented on myself by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine thus obtained. I fortunately discovered this WONDERFUL CURE for ASTHMA and CATARRH, warranted to relieve the most stubborn case of ASTHMA IN FIVE MINUTES so that the patient can lie down to rest and sleep comfortably. Any person not fully satisfied after using one-third of a box, can return the remainder to the proprietor and the money will be refunded, or send me your address for a trial package FREE OF CHARGE. Mrs. W. T. Brown, Monroe, Texas, writes: "I suffered with Asthma 9 years. Your Great Remedy completely cured me. I wish all afflicted with Asthma and Catarrh to send for it. Publish this for the benefit of the afflicted." Should your druggist not keep the Remedy I can send it by mail on receipt of price $1.00. For sale by all druggists. Address D. LANGELL, Appleseed, Ohio.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS at home or abroad attended to for MODERATE FEES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send Model or Drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and we charge no fee unless Patent Allowed.

We refer here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own state or county, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Oct 24, 84-6mos.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. Hallett Book Co., Portland, Maine. 52-1y

20 YEARS OF CONGRESS By JAMES G. BLAINE. ONE MILLION copies will be sold. Strictly non-partisan. "Dispassionate, entertaining and reliable."—N. Y. Herald. "A classic in American history."—N. Y. Tribune. "A work of which any American historian might feel proud."—N. Y. Sun. 6,000 agents already employed and more wanted. $200 per month paid. No work ever sold like it. Apply at once to

The Henry Bill Publishing Co.,
Hartford, Co.

52-1m.

AGENTS Wanted for The Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book in America. Immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. Hallett Book Co., Augusta, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE D. W. Miller Carriage Co.

Manufacture a large variety of

LIGHT and HEAVY CARRIAGES, PHAETONS, CARTS, BUGGIES, WAGONS, &C.,

After the most approved designs at the very lowest prices consistent with good workmanship.

—50,000 vehicles—

of our manufacture are now in use in this and foreign countries and attest the excellence of our goods by the universal satisfaction which they give.—Every vehicle is WARRANTED.—Special attention will be given to mail orders.

CATALOGUES FREE.

D. W. Miller Carriage Co.,
E. Fifth St., Calvert St. and Eggleston Ave.,
CINCINNATI, O.

Michigan Buggy Co.
KALAMAZOO, Mich.

Wholesale Manufacturers of all kinds of Open and Top BUGGIES and ROAD CARTS. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalogue and price list. FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

We also manufacture a full line of CUTTERS including Swell Body, Portland, Square Box, two seat Portland and Pony Sleighs.

Send for cuts and prices before purchasing.

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO.,
KALAMAZOO, Mich.

FERNANDO B. SMITH'S
PATENT SPRINKLER
—AND—
Novelty Force Pump.

PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY. SAVE YOUR FRUIT. SAVE YOUR FLOWERS. Save everything that makes home pleasant and profitable. It has no equal. It throws a strong stream sixty feet or more.

With the Sprinkler attached it spreads the water in a gentle shower or spray. For washing windows or carriages, and sprinkling lawns, gardens and greenhouses, it has no equal. It is adapted to throwing liquid solutions of all kinds to destroy noxious insects and bugs of every nature on plant, vine or tree, and should be kept in every house, store and factory in the country as a protection against fires.—Sold by Traveling Agents.

Send for circulars and price lists.

FERNANDO B. SMITH,
Manufacturer & Patentee,
180 East 4th St., Canton, Ohio.

Miscellaneous.

A. B. FARQUHAR, Manufacturer, York, Pa. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. FARQUHAR'S IMPROVED SULKY PATENT Continuous Hay and Straw PRESSES.

Steam Engines and Saw Mills a Specialty.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Dizziness, Hay Fever, &c. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

[illegible] CONSUMPTION [illegible]

TRADE MARK.

[illegible] & CO., [illegible]

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS.

AGENTS Wanted for handsome illustrated standard Books & Bibles. Low in price; quick sales; needed everywhere. Liberal terms. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED! [illegible] Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c. SALARIES [illegible] LeCLARE & HENRICK, Brighton, N. Y.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY or SHORT-HAND and Type-Writing HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

21-50—1y.

Elmira Business College
ELMIRA, N. Y.

The only College in the world that allows students to test its merits before paying tuition. [illegible] F. W. ALLEN.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.'S SEEDS AND PLANTS

Are Annually Sown and Planted in Half a Million Gardens!

☞ This Year's Catalogue Free on Application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK.

ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO.,
Third and Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

READ THIS

BEST IN THE WORLD!

NEW MEAT-CHOPPER

GUARANTEED TO CHOP NOT GRIND THE MEAT.

CHOPS AS SHOWN.

RAPID CLEAN

No. 10, HAS FAMILY SIZE. Price, $3.00.

NO STRINGS OR SINEWS CAN PASS THROUGH UNCUT.

FOR CHOPPING Sausage-Meat, Mince-Meat, Hash, Hamburg Steak, Suet, Scrapple, Tripe, Clams, Chicken-Salad, Croquettes, Codfish, Scrap-Meat for Poultry, Etc. VALUABLE COOK-BOOK FREE, WITH EVERY CHOPPER.

CAPACITY.

No. 10 chops 1 lb. per minute, $3.00.
" 12 " 2 lbs. " 2.50.
" 22 " 2 " " 4.00.
" 32 " 3 " " 6.00.

Send for Catalogue.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Sold by all Hardware Dealers.

Tested and Endorsed by 100 Agricultural Journals.

Farm and Fireside says: After testing, each editor immediately ordered an Enterprise Meat Chopper for his family use.

American Agriculturist says: "These Choppers excel anything of the kind made in either Hemisphere."

We prefer you buy from your Dealer. If he is out of them, send money to us. We will ship by next fast train.

Bring in Your Work Early

—AND—

AVOID THE GREAT RUSH!

THE

MINER OFFICE

IS NOW TURNING OUT AS

NEAT AND ARTISTIC

—WORK IN THE—

JOB PRINTING

Line as is done in any Establishment in this section of the state.

A TRIAL ORDER IS SOLICITED

—AND—

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

LINES OF TRAVEL.

Buffalo New York & Philadelphia RAILROAD.

Time Table takes effect Nov. 23, 1884

NORTHWARD.			STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD.		
p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	Ar. Lv.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
7 00	1 10	8 40	Buffalo	6 00	2 40	5 30
6 15	12 32	7 51	East Aurora	6 47	3 19	6 15
5 38	12 02	7 17	Sardinia Jun	9 26	3 49	6 48
5 31	11 57	7 11	Arcade	9 28	3 55	6 54
5 09	11 40	6 52	Machias	9 54	4 12	7 12
4 57	11 30	6 40	Franklinville	10 07	4 22	7 24
4 28	11 02	6 09	Hinsdale	10 37	4 48	7 52
4 12	10 46	5 50	Olean	10 54	5 05	8 10
2 15	8 00		Bradford	10 45	6 15	
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.	Lv. Ar.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
3 51	10 24		Portville	11 18	5 19	8 35
3 31	10 02		Eldred	11 30	5 35	8 50
4 13	9 53		Larrabees	11 35	5 40	8 41
2 48	9 28		Port Allegany	12 07	6 06	10 22
1 45	8 22		Emporium	1 00	7 05	12 30
p.m.	a.m.		Lv. Ar.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
3 40			Harrisburg		4 30	
11 30			Philadelphia		7 50	
8 00			New York		10 40	
11 30			Baltimore		7 50	
10 00			Washington		8 50	
p.m.		a.m.	Lv. Ar.		a.m.	

Sunday Trains.—Leave Buffalo 4.30 p. m. arrive Olean 7 15 p. m., leave Olean 7 15 a. m. arrive Buffalo 10.00 a. m. stopping at all stations.

North'd.			ROCHESTER DIVISION.	South'd.		
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.		p.m.
6 50	11 20	9 00	Rochester	7 45	3	5 35
6 42	11 07	8 47	Terminal	7 58	3 48	5 48
5 13	10 45	8 22	Scottsville	8 22	4 12	6 15
5 57	10 27	8 00	Avon	8 40	4 31	6 32
5 47	10 17	7 47	Fowlerville	8 50	4 45	6 43
5 40	10 10	7 40	York	8 57	4 52	6 50
5 27	9 56	7 27	Cuylerville	9 12	5 10	7 08
5 10	9 35	7 10	Mt Morris	9 24	5 28	7 20
4 50	9 15	6 49	Tuscarora	9 05	5 44	7 42
4 40	9 07	6 40	Junction	9 56	5 56	7 50
4 10	8 42	a.m.	Portage	10 30	6 23	p.m.
3 53	8 27		Wiscoy	10 45	6 37	
3 41	8 18		Fillmore	10 55	7 05	
3 22	8 02		Caneadea	11 13	7 21	
3 12	7 53		Belfast	11 22	7 30	
2 55	7 30		Cuba	11 53	8 02	
2 25	7 0.		Hinsdale	12 19	8 00	
1 50	6 45		Olean	12 30	8 40	
p.m.	a.m.		lv ar	p.m.	p.m.	
4 30	9 07	6 30	lv Nunda ar	10 20	6 10	8 00
4 00	8 45		lv Swaines ar	11 00	6 05	
p.m.	a.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.

CLERMONT BRANCH.

L'v Northw'd		STATIONS.	L'v Southw'd	
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.
3.10	9.30	Larrabees	11 40	5.50
2.57	9.11	Frisbee	11.52	6.00
2.42	9.10	Farmers Valley	12.02	6.12
2.30	8.49	Smethport	12.14	6.27
2.10	8.30	Crosby	12.29	6.42
2.05	8.10	Colegrove	12.33	6.47
2.00	7.55	Hamlin	12.37	6.53
1.45	7.30	Wernwag	12.54	7.21
1.30	7.00	Clermont	1.10	7.30

Narrow Gauge System.—Trains leave Olean for Bradford 8 00, 11.00 a. m., 5 10 p. m., arrive Olean 9 45, a. m., 3.00, 6 00 p. m. Leave Eldred for Bradford 7 45, 11.35 a. m., 5.45 p. m., arrive Eldred 9 15 a. m., 3.00, 5.25 p. m. Leave Bradford for Kinzua 7.00, 10.00 a. m., 4 30 p. m., arrive Bradford 11 15 a. m., 2.45, 8.00 p. m. Sunday Trains.—Leave Olean 3.00 p. m. arrive Olean 11 00 a. m.

Trains are run on Eastern Time.

Pullman Sleeping Cars between Erie and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington on trains leaving Buffalo at 2.40 p. m., arriving Buffalo 7 00 p. m.

☞ Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points.

Get Time Tables giving full information from Company's Agents.

GEO. S. GATCHELL, Gen'l Sup't.
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r & T'k. Agt.
No. 41, Exchange St. Buffalo, N. Y.

THE ERIE NARROW GAUGE SYSTEM. BRADFORD BORDELL & KINZUA RAILROAD and BRADFORD, ELDRED & CUBA RAILROAD. Takes effect Dec. 1, 1884.

			STATIONS.			
5 10	10 50	7 41	lv Smethport ar	9 55	2 20	5 50
4 16	11 50	8 21	Simpson	9 34	1 20	5 09
4 21	12 03	8 29	Davis	9 06	1 06	5 01
4 30	12 10	8 40	Aiken	8 56	1 00	4 52
4 40	12 25	8 45	Kenzua Jn	8 40	12 50	4 40
2 01	1 20	9 30	Bradford	8 00	9 50	3 55
4 49	2 29	8 56	Rew City	8 30	12 30	4 21
4 12	3 21	9 16	Rixford	8 14	12 04	4 09
5 16	3 25	9 21	Duke Centre	8 09	11 50	4 06
5 27	3 40	9 40	Eldred	7 50	11 40	3 45
6 09	4 10	10 31	Ceres	7 36	11 06	3 11
6 25	4 35	10 30	Little Genesee	7 09	10 50	2 55
6 35	4 45	10 40	Bolivar	6 50	10 40	2 45
6 42	4 55	10 42	Richburg		10 32	2 37
	5 25	11 20	Allentown		10 00	2 05
	6 04	11 50	ar Wellsville lv		9 25	1 30
			N. Y. L. E. & W. R.R.			
7 00	2 05		Hornellsville	5 10	12 30	
	7 0		Addison	6 30	10 42	
4 30	3 53		Corning	6 26	10 12	
6 0	4 40		Elmira	5 48	9 30	
11 50	7 40		Binghampton	3 32	7 00	
7 10			New York	8 00	8 30	
a.m.				p.m.	p.m.	

Sunday Trains leave Smethport at 9 30 a. m. arriving at Bradford at 11.10 a. m. Returning leave Bradford at 4 00 p. m. arriving at Smethport at 5 30 p. m.

B. C. WILLIAMS, Gen Manager. JNO. C. McKENNA, Gen Pass. Agt.

CUBA BRANCH. To take effect Jan. 1, 1884.

Westward		Stations.	Eastward.	
26	28		25	27
p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.
3 27	9 07	Ar Cuba Lv	10 00	5 00
1 51	7 25	Lv Little Genesee ar	11 42	6 45
1 15	7 10	Bolivar	11 55	6 56

B. C. WILLIAMS, Gen'l Man'gr.
JNO. C. McKENNA, G. P. A.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—PHILADELPHIA & Erie R. R. Division.

On and after August 1, 1884 trains will leave Emporium as follows. For Philadelphia, New York and the East, Baltimore, Washington and the South, 8 10 a. m. and 8 40 p. m. on week days.

For Kane, Warren, Corry, Erie and intermediate stations 11.25 a. m. on week days.

For Kane and intermediate stations 7.25 p. m. on week days.

ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG R. R. New Time Table, take effect Monday, Feb'y 17, 1884.

ROCHESTER DIVISION.

EASTWARD			STATIONS.	WESTWARD		
Acc.	Mail	Exp	Eastern Time.	Mail	Exp.	Acc.
p.m.	p.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
9 34	9 20	12 47	ar Rochester lv	6 45	4 30	4 30
9 04	8 49	12 15	Scottsville	7 12	6 58	4 47
8 47	8 35	12 02	Mumford	7 24	7 07	4 52
8 27	8 17	11 45	Leroy	7 42	7 26	5 04
8 06	7 58	11 29	Pavillion	8 05	7 46	5 31
7 44	7 40	11 15	Wyoming	8 26	8 10	6 15
	7 12	11 00	Warsaw	8 38	8 22	
7 35	7 00	10 45	Silver Lake Jun	8 53	8 40	6 22
7 15	6 51	10 32	Gainesville	9 08	8 51	6 45
a.m.	6 41	10 21	Pike	9 15	9 41	
	6 30	10 19	Bliss	9 26	9 15	
	5 57	9 32	Farmersville	9 46	9 44	
	5 32	9 14	Machias	10 16	10 16	
	5 09	7 41	Ashford	10 30	10 25	
	5 00	8 29	Ellicottsville	10 50	10 30	
	4 39	8 17	Bradford Junc.	11 10	11 00	
	4 32	8 10	lv Salamanca ar	11 17	11 07	
	4 21	a.m.	ar Salamanca lv	11 27		
	4 03		Carrollton	11 45		
	3 48	a.m.	Limestone	12 00		
	3 30		lv Bradford ar	12 15		
	1 50		ar Bradford lv	12 30		
	1 30		Custer City	12 47		
	11 18		Johnsonb'g Jun.	2 55		
	10 48		Ridgway	3 22		
	10 35		Little Toby	3 50		
	9 55		Brockwayville	4 28		
	9 16		Falls Creek	5 00		
	9 00		DuBois	5 10		
	8 47		Sykes	5 34		
	8 35		Big Run	5 45		
	8 05		Punxsutawney	6 15		
	8 00		lv Clayville ar	6 20		
	a.m.			p.m.		

[illegible]

BUFFALO DIVISION.

EASTWARD			STATIONS	WESTWARD		
Exp	Mail	Exp		Mail	Acc	
a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	p.m.	
8 40	7 25		Ar Buffalo Lv	8 20	7 45	
			William st. Dep.			
8 47	6 50		Orchard Park	8 50	8 25	
7 14	6 37		West Falls	9 02	8 38	
9 00	6 26		Golden	9 30	8 46	
9 12	6 02		Springville	9 45	9 30	
9 44	5 33		West Valley	10 16	9 50	
10 19	5 15		Ashford	10 34	10 17	
a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	p.m.	

☞ Trains leaving Buffalo make direct connections at Ashford with all trains on the Rochester Division for all points east and west on this line.

The Express trains connect at Buffalo with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. for points east, with L. S. & M. S. R. R., Michigan Central R. R., and Grand Trunk for all points in Michigan and West; at Salamanca with N. Y. P. & O. R. R. for the west, and Erie R. R. for the east. The Express Trains leaving Buffalo connect at Salamanca with N. Y. P. & O. and Erie railroads for points east and west, at Bradford with Narrow Gauge system for all points in Oil Regions, at Johnsonburg for all points on the P. & E. R. R. The afternoon Express from Buffalo connects at Falls Creek with A. V. R. R. for Pittsburgh and points east and west. Passengers from Pittsburgh for Buffalo and Rochester and intermediate stations, should take the Allegheny Valley R. R. train leaving Union depot, Pittsburgh, at 8 20 p. m. Buffalo passengers take Belt Line R. R. for William Street depot.

Connections for east and west are made at Rochester with the New York Central & Hudson River R. R.; and at Salamanca with the N. Y., P. & O. R. R. for Jamestown, Mansfield, Cincinnati, Chicago and the west, also with the Erie R. R. for Hornellsville, and eastern points; at Bradford with the Narrow Gauge System to all points in the oil regions; at Ridgway with P. & E. R. R. for Emporium, Williamsport, Philadelphia and Baltimore; at Falls Creek with Allegheny Valley R. R. for Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis and the west and south.

I. S. EMERY, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
JAS. T. GARDNER, Gen'l Superintendent.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday, Sept. 1, 1884.

AR. EASTW'D.		STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D	
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
7.16	1.10	Coudersport	7.45	4.00
7.12	1.06	Hammonds	7.49	4.05
7.04	12.58	Olmsted	7.57	4.13
6.50	12.53	Nelsons	8.06	4.18
6.52	12.46	Knowlton	8.10	4.26
6.44	12.38	Roulette	8.18	4.34
6.40	12.33	Pomeroy Bridge	8.23	4.37
6.32	12.25	Burtville	8.31	4.45
6.26	12.18	Silver Spring	8.38	4.50
6.19	12.12	Coleman	8.45	4.57
6.13	12 00	Port Allegany	8.56	5.06

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.